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# The Land of Evangeline



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Gateways  
Thither

by

Charles G D

Roberts

Dominion Atlantic Railway  
Kentville, Nova Scotia

## EVANGELINE ROUTE

THE PERFECT SERVICE

### Boston <sup>and the</sup> Maritime Provinces

Superb Electric Lighted Nineteen Knot Twin-Screw Steamships  
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HALIFAX-ST. JOHN, N.B.—BOSTON

PERFECTION can go no further. The Dominion Atlantic Railway has achieved a first and invincible place in the affections of the tourist public. The fleet now comprises the product of the highest science in the shipbuilding world. This summer will be operated between Boston and the Maritime Provinces a service unexcelled in the whole of North America. If you have a care for your pocket, health and time; if you love scenery, variety, and comfort; if you want to see the land that poets, romancists, and artists have made their own, travel by the DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

### EVANGELINE'S LAND

is the wonderland of artists, the sportsman's paradise, the healthiest spot on the foot-stool.

The latest Twin-screw Steamers of the DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY are in every detail exactly reproductive of the finest trans-Atlantic ocean liners. On their scientific trials these ships attained a speed capacity of twenty-two knots per hour, and stand thus in the first rank of the fastest passenger steamers in the world.

Their twin screws supply the maximum of safety. Luxury has been brought to such a pitch of development in their internal fittings and decorations that they are easily on a par with the costliest yachts built to the order of American millionaires. They are the finest of their size and kind. The electric gear is throughout in duplicate, so that safety is further guaranteed.

These superb vessels, while they can be steered independent of their rudder, are supplied with Harfield's steering gear, only found in battleships and cruisers. At night, to facilitate navigation, each will bring into operation a searchlight of such power as easily to sweep the horizon. Harfield's warship anchor gear is also fitted. The boat and other safety equipment is to United States and Imperial Board of Trade requirements. There are four decks, the main deck being of steel, and the fore-castle deck a steel turtle-back, while the promenade deck, which will be the delight and admiration of passengers, is of thick teak. There are numerous watertight bulkheads, and safety, the first and absolute necessity, is insured by every device known to human skill. The propelling machinery comprises two independent sets of triple compound, inverted direct acting, surface condensing engines, with four cranks, each driving a separate screw. Each set of engines has four vertical cylinders. On both ships and machinery has been exhausted every up-to-date and costly device that can guarantee perfection.

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# The Land of Evangeline and the Gateways Thither

BY  
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS  
AND APPENDICES  
FOR SPORTSMAN AND TOURIST



ALL RIGHTS  
RESERVED

KENTVILLE  
NOVA SCOTIA

Frontispiece.]

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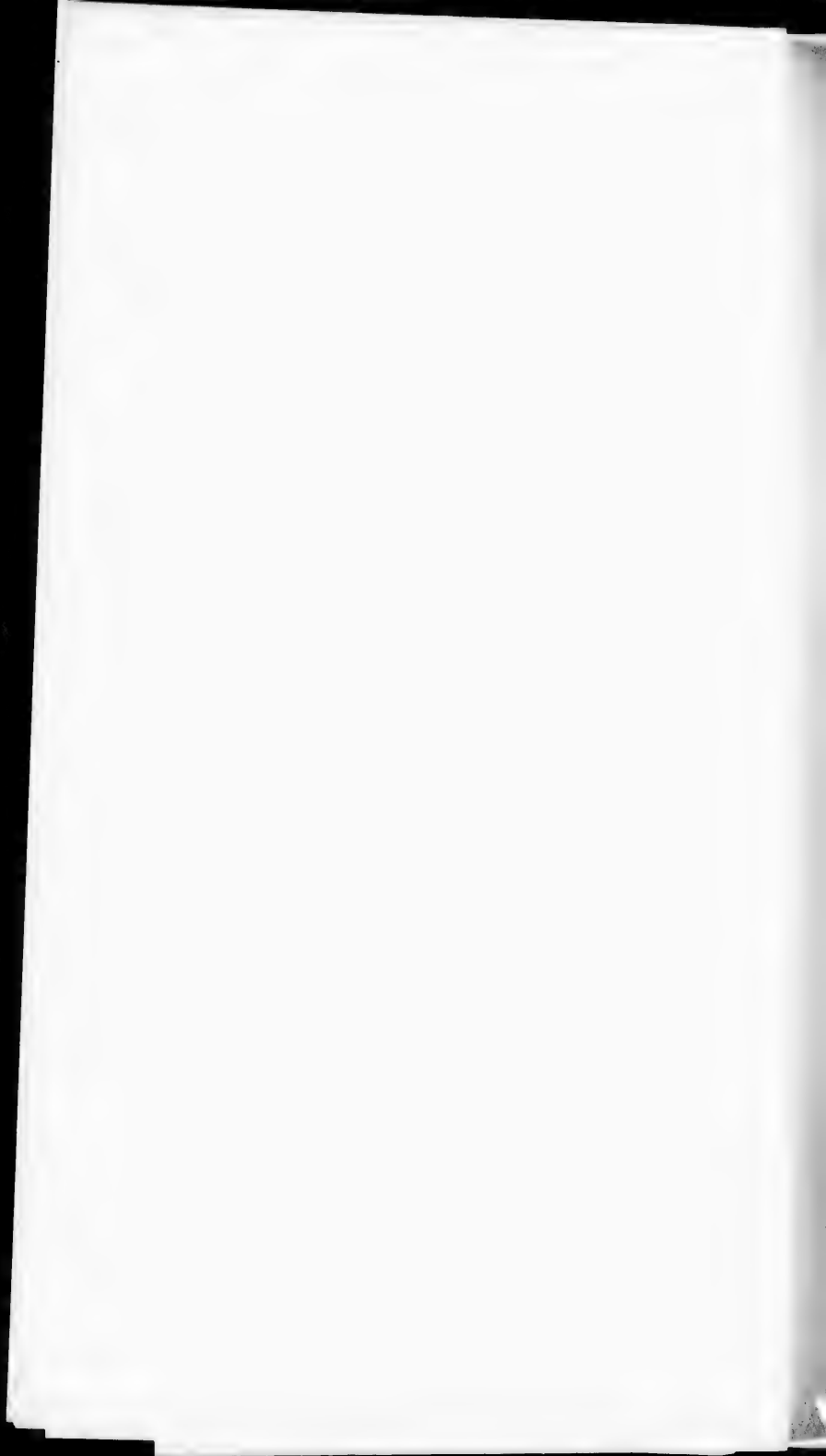
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THE  
LAND OF EVANGELINE  
AND THE GATEWAYS THITHER

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CHAPTER I

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*INTRODUCTORY—THE ALLUREMENTS OF  
ACADIE—EVANGELINE'S LAND, THE  
HEART OF ACADIE—THE THREE  
GATEWAYS TO THE LAND*



FEW countries could live up to a standard so exacting as that which has been set for this peninsula of Old Acadie. The heritage of a romantic and mysterious past is in itself no small responsibility. The tourist, moreover, escaping to this cool atmosphere from the tropic fervors of Washington Street or Broadway, has smothered the land with indiscriminate ecstasies; while persuasive handbooks have praised it in language that might make the Garden of Eden feel diffident. Beyond all this, one of the most tender and human of poets has stepped in, and cast over the Acadian landscape the consecration and the purple light of his imaginings. It is through such a transfiguring glow that our hills, our streams, our fields, appear to him who views us from a distance. It would not be strange, then, if some disappointment were usually to follow on the heels of a closer knowledge. We know that Yarrow Unvisited seemed to Wordsworth fairer than Yarrow Visited, and we are apt to fancy that Nova Scotia Unseen might prove a stronger enchantment than Nova Scotia Seen. Yet, in the teeth of precedent, we find that such is not the case. The land endures the test of close acquaintance. The charm of illusion is gently displaced by an equally seductive charm of fact. The hills and streams and fields are found, perhaps, to look not just as one had dreamed them; but they prove not less fair, and not less fitting scenes for all

## The Land of Evangeline

the romance which Time and Fate and the Poet have placed in their keeping. There are, indeed, commonplace spots, and dull or desolate reaches; but these serve well to accentuate the beauty of the landscape as a whole, wherein austere grandeur alternates with softest loveliness, and the wilding piquancy of untramed Nature with the rich peacefulness of well-tilled farms. Then the climate is so benign that Chaucer might have had it in prophetic vision when he wrote :

"The ayre of that place so attempre was  
That never was grievance of hot ne cold."

In truth it is a good air, tonic and temperate, guiltless of malaria, ignorant of hay-fever, friendly to work, to play, to sleep, to appetite. It touches to content the o'er-wrought nerves, and fills with healing breath the troubled lungs. Then there are the specialized attractions of boating, yachting, bathing—for this may be called paradoxically a land of water; of fishing—in lake and river for trout and salmon, in the deep-sea tides for cod and haddock and mackerel, with lobster spearing to spice the game with change; of shooting—bear and moose in the rugged backwoods, cock and partridge in the nearer coverts, snipe and plover, ducks and geese; of prospecting, where gold, coal, iron, zinc, manganese, and other minerals outcrop in bewildering proximity, and where a man may find a gold mine in his back pasture; of specimen collecting where the considerate hands of the frost crumble amethysts, agates, and fossils out of the ledges every winter.

In a word, Nova Scotia is a good place to visit in the summer. It is a good place to live in all the year round, for its winter is mild and insular, and the thermometer is not driven to excesses. The sons of Nova Scotia are of a roving stock, and their feet go to all the corners of earth; but they return at last to make their homes in the land which they find the best of all.

It is in summer, however, that the storied peninsula is at her loveliest. Those who once have felt the lure of the Acadian land are sure to come back. They return as regularly almost, though not so early, as the swallows; and in yearly increasing numbers they bring their friends with them. The charm of the land is for all. The tourist who must economize will feel it, for travel and living here are cheap and good. The writer will feel it, for here is material rich and unwrought waiting for his pen—landscape, legend, and tradition; and in this wholesome air thought runs clear and the brain is capable.

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## The Heart of Acadie

The artist will feel it, for the giant tides, the wide marshes, the vast red gaping channels, supply subjects which are new both in line and color; and the moisture in the bland air gives "atmosphere" to soften all harsh edges. The happy summer loafer will feel it, for he will be well housed and fed, and left free to dream or to amuse himself with a fair panorama before his eyes and no annoyances to keep him watchful. In the soft Acadian grasses lurk no noxious snakes, no ticks or "chigger" fleas, no poisonous spiders. One may roll anywhere, and encounter nothing worse than a caterpillar or a burdock.

The very heart of Nova Scotia, the spot which holds the quintessence of her charm, is "Evangeline's Land," the region lying about Grand Pré, and immortalized by the genius of Longfellow. Here combine the most thrilling associations with every enchantment of climate and scenery. From whatever side the traveler would approach the "Heart of Acadie," it must be by the great highway of Nova Scotia travel, the Dominion Atlantic Railway, which occupies every avenue. This is a road which may fairly claim the sympathy and service of poet, artist, and romancer, for it is surely the least commonplace of railroads, the one most concerned with matters beyond mere freights and fares. To the tourist it seems to have its *raison d'être* in a poem. Its invitation to travelers is a call to "The Land of Evangeline." The atmosphere of Longfellow pervades it; its great red-and-black engines bear such names as Gabriel, St. Eulalie, Basil, Minnehaha; and the staunch little steamer that traverses the historic waters of Minas is called "Evangeline." But this uniquely poetic coloring is not purchased at the cost of comfort, or usefulness, or practical management; for in all such matters as luxurious equipment and convenient express service the Dominion Atlantic Railway is thoroughly up to date.

From three main gateways this road leads the traveler into Evangeline's Land. The western gate is the city of Yarmouth, which stands on the jutting south-west corner of Nova Scotia, and beckons invitingly across the sea to Boston. The eastern gate is the fortress city of Halifax, her face turned toward England, her streets gay with Imperial uniforms, her harbor frowning with Imperial guns. The northern gate, speaking geographically, is the majestic passage of Digby Gut, leading into Annapolis Basin: but from the traveler's point of view the

## The Land of Evangeline

northern gate is the city of St. John, in New Brunswick. This picturesque and busy city, child of the Loyalists, sits on the iron rocks about the mouth of her great river, and looks with sentinel eye straight across the Bay of Fundy into Digby Gut. And the stream of travel that seeks this entrance must flow through the streets of St. John. There is yet another entrance, beautiful and interesting, which may be called a postern gate to the Land of Evangeline. This is the little town of Parrsboro, whence during the season one may take the steamer "Evangeline" across the Basin of Minas.

The traveler approaching this region from the Upper Provinces has a choice of routes. He may come from Montreal by the Canadian Pacific Short Line to St. John, whence the magnificent side-wheel steamer of the Evangeline Route, the "Prince Rupert" (the Dominion Atlantic Railway is the owner of the finest and fastest steamship service on the eastern seaboard), bears him across the Bay of Fundy to Digby. Or he may take boat or rail down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and thence come by the Intercolonial Railway to Halifax, where again the Dominion Atlantic will take charge of him. Or, instead of following the Intercolonial all the way to Halifax, he may get off at Springhill Junction, and go by rail through the Springhill country to Parrsboro. If the traveler approaches by way of Boston, he enjoys the benefit of the Dominion Atlantic Railway's superb Boston service of twin-screw steamships, the "Prince Arthur," "Prince George," and "Prince Edward," which, in respect of speed, internal luxury, and the maximum of safety that their equipment and costly machinery afford, are unequalled in American or Canadian waters. The most satisfactory way of scheming a pleasant itinerary is to write or to apply to the New England Superintendent of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, 228 Washington Street, Boston, or to the General Passenger Agent, Kentville, Nova Scotia.

To penetrate to fine scenery, to enjoy an atmosphere that vitalises, to derive health-giving benefit from a holiday, entails mostly sacrifices of comfort and consequent diminution of pleasure. The Dominion Atlantic Railway, by its splendid fleet of Express Steamers and Pullman Palace Dining Car and Parlor Car service of trains, allows the tourist to go anywhere through this wonderful land, and to garner a fund of pleasure that will last through many days.

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APPROACHING YARMOUTH.

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## Wolfville

### CHAPTER II

*THE LAND OF EVANGELINE — GRAND PRÉ  
DIKES AND MINAS TIDES—THE GASPÉREAU  
VALLEY, WOLFVILLE, LONG ISLAND, &c.*



THE pretty college-town of Wolfville, embowered in orchards, is the headquarters of visitors to the Land of Evangeline. It occupies the western slope of the fertile ridge dividing the valley of the Gaspereau from the valley of the Cornwallis. Before the windows of Wolfville unrolls a superb view—marshes of pale green, reclaimed from the sea by the spades of old-time Acadian farmers; sharp strips of red or orange-tawny flats, where the retreating tide has left the beach uncovered; to the left front a well-grouped cluster of white cottages, spires and masts about a bridge—the shipping village of Port Williams; the long, low lines of green upland outstretching from either side to almost the centre of the picture—the delicious summer retreats of Starr's Point and Long Island; between them and beyond, away to the far blue barrier of the Parrsboro shore, the restless waters of Minas Basin, yellow in the foreground, but in the distance purple, sapphire, green, or silver, as changing hour and changing sky may decree; and in the middle distance, dominating all the scene with its mass of sombre indigo, the majestic bastion of Blomidon outthrust against the tides. These are effects of full daylight; but by the aerial magic of sunrise (too seldom seen!) and the voluptuous sorcery of sunset such transformations are wrought as make the scene an ever-changing realm of faery. Wolfville is a prosperous community, with snug but unpretentious inns and comfortable private boarding-houses. Living is cheap, and visitors are not regarded as victims to be fleeced. The tone of the place is set by the thriving Baptist Institutions of Acadia College, the Academy, the Manual Training School, and the Young Ladies' Seminary, whose



## The Land of Evangeline

buildings tower over the neighboring roofs and orchards. By the trains of the Dominion Atlantic Railway all the attractions of the surrounding region are conveniently accessible from Wolfville.

Three miles distant, to the east, is Grand Pré itself, now a rich but scattered farming settlement. It is on the line of the Dominion Atlantic, and travelers who are passing through obtain from the car windows a good view of the scene of the Great Banishment. There are the storied meadows, and there, close to the station, are willows planted by Acadian hands. On the slope behind the station are gnarled French apple trees and stiff French poplars, and a short way further on is the Gaspereau mouth, where the exiles embarked. The car windows, indeed, afford a swift panorama of what might be called "Views from Evangeline," and the train officials overflow with courteous information. But the best way to go to Grand Pré from Wolfville is by carriage. One road leads along the foot of the uplands, parallel with the railway; but another, far more attractive, runs along the top of the ridge. As one mounts the slope behind Wolfville the landscape unrolls in ever-increasing beauty. At this stage in the journey one should sit with one's back to the horses; or perhaps I should say to the horse, as a single nag of distinctly contemplative habits will best conduce to the enjoyment of the landscape.

Soon the eye leaps over Starr's Point to the placid vales of the Canard, the Habitant, the Pereau, illustrious streams—to leafy Canning in her fields, and breezy Kingsport on her red-walled cape—to the long ramparts of North Mountain, over whose crest the fogs of Fundy lean and peer, but come not down into the valley. When, however, the crest of the ridge is reached the attention of the traveler is divided. On his left lies the calm and ample majesty of the scene just described, while on his right he looks down into the fairy valley of the Gaspereau. The picture is an exquisite pastoral. Among such deep fields, such billowy groves, and such embosomed farmsteads might Theocritus have wrought his idylls to the hum of the heavy bees. Along the bottom of the sun-brimmed vale sparkles the river, between its banks of wild rose and convolvulus, with here and there a clump of grey-green willows, here and there a red-and-white bridge. As it nears its mouth the Gaspereau changes its aspect. Its complexion of clear amber grows yellow and opaque as it mixes with the

## The Tragedy of Grand Pré

uprushing tides of Minas, and its widened channel winds through a riband of diked marshes. Then the traveler forsakes the stream, crosses a gentle rise, and descends to Grand Pré, passing on the way the quaint old church of the Covenanters, which was built by settlers who came in to replace the banished Acadians.

The ancient Acadian village which Colonel Winslow and his New Englanders depopulated so effectually in that eventful autumn of 1755 is supposed to have extended in a long, thin line from about where the Grand Pré station of the Dominion Atlantic now stands to somewhere near the next station of Horton Landing. Then, as now, the Acadians trailed their villages along a single street. Close to the station is a row of gnarled willows, whose branches perchance tell over to the young leaves of each recurring spring what they saw of Evangeline and her sorrow. Here was discovered not long since an old well, now known as "Evangeline's Well," and near it were unearthed some blacksmith's tools, sufficient to justify the pleasant tradition that this was the very site of the village smithy. In the immediate neighborhood were discovered foundations of a largish building, which may have been the chapel in which the Acadians were imprisoned before they were sent on board the ships. The well is at present incongruously fitted up with a lean red pump of the most modern and commonplace pattern. This need not, however, deter the traveler from tasting the hallowed water with a reasonable confidence that the lips of Evangeline's people, if not of Evangeline herself, have drunk there before him. But let me caution the traveler on one point. I have seen tourists jump out of the car at Grand Pré and snatch up a handful of pebbles from beside the track, under the fond delusion that they were thus possessing themselves of Evangeline mementoes. The harsh truth is that these pebbles were mere ballast brought from gravel-heaps many a mile away.

The story of the great tragedy of Grand Pré is too well known to bear detailed repetition here. But there are a few points in connection with it that should be mentioned. When Longfellow wrote the story of Evangeline he did not fully understand all the facts. The expulsion of the Acadians was not a piece of wanton cruelty on the part of England. It was done to satisfy New England; and it was carried out by *New Englanders*. Terrible as was the measure, it is hard to see now how it could have been avoided, unless at the

## The Land of Evangeline

cost of Nova Scotia herself. If Nova Scotia was to remain in English hands—and New England said this was essential to her safety—then the Acadians had to be removed. The Acadians had suffered themselves to be made the tools of French intrigue. Through them France hoped to retain her hold on the peninsula. For forty years they had been treated by England with a patience which had long ceased to be a virtue. Every effort had been made to conciliate them. But they refused to take the oath of allegiance, which they were legally bound to do, or to allow themselves to be considered otherwise than as enemies. Allied with the Indians, and disguised as Indians, some of their bolder spirits indulged in bloody raids on the English settlements; and English settlement became impossible in an English province. At the same time England—which then meant the thirteen colonies as well—was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with her greatest rival, France; and the Acadians were her enemies within the gate. They were warned, exhorted, threatened, but they obstinately and blindly closed their ears. So it came that this unhappy people was ground to powder between the upper and nether millstone. They were removed from their homes with such humanity as was possible under the piteous circumstances, and were scattered abroad among the nations. As one reads one's Longfellow these facts should be borne in mind—not to lessen one's admiration for the poet's genius or one's response to the pathos of the Evangeline story, but to keep one's view of history undistorted. The traveler who comes to the land of Evangeline should read, not Longfellow only, but also Parkman—especially the first volume of "Montcalm and Wolfe."

But the expulsion of the Acadians was not the only tragedy enacted amid the peaceful slopes and sunny marshes of Grand Pré. Here, nine years earlier, took place the "Grand Pré Massacre." Though this was the very heart of a British province, and under British law, the whole region was being made the headquarters for bloody raids upon the English settlements about Halifax and Annapolis. A force of New Englanders, sent out from Boston, made its way to Grand Pré and was quartered in the village. The French troops, with their Indians, fell back across the Bay. Soon the New Englanders, lulled by the apparent friendliness of the people, began to relax their vigilance. They were on their sovereign's soil, and among their fellow-subjects—

## Long Island

what was there to fear? Then the villagers sent word to the French across the Bay. The enemy came secretly; and in the darkness and storm of a blinding December night they fell upon the sleeping New Englanders, who were outnumbered two to one and scattered through the straggling village. In the houses lining a detached lane which runs up from the dikes near the station lay Colonel Noble, with some seventy of his followers. Almost to a man these were massacred in their beds. The rest of the force, fighting their way through the snow, got together and made so resolute a stand that they were able to capitulate on honorable terms. They were sent out of the country. It was occurrences such as these that made the expulsion of the Acadians a necessity. It is worth while to remember also that the French king, years before, had planned a similar expulsion, on a many times vaster and more merciless scale, to be executed upon all the people of New York and New England—a scheme which fate happily frustrated.

It is not only in the embalming amber of song and story that the memory of the Acadians survives. A monument no less beautiful than beneficent is theirs in the wide, rich meadows which their hands snatched from the sea. These reaches of placid green, streaked with fleeing lines of shade as the gusts swoop down across the grass-tops, were anciently but barren levels of red mud, patched irregularly with yellow sea-grass. At high tide they were one vast sea, whose waves lapped the edges of the uplands, which are now miles inland. Patiently the Acadians upbuilt the long ramparts of their dikes, the mighty tides were fenced into their channels, and soon the red flats put forth the green of their exhaustless fertility. But their bosom lies below sea-level; and the tides of Minas have a rise and fall of nearly fifty feet. Eternal vigilance, therefore, is the price of this possession; and the diking-spade is ceaselessly at work along the foundations of those ponderous walls.

Across the expanse of marshes lie the orchards and fir-woods of Long Island—an island no longer. In its groves by the sea are good camping-grounds; good summer board may be had in some of its cosy farm-houses; and its further shore is an excellent beach for bathing. In the heart of the island is a swamp full of grey and ancient trees, the night resort of countless herons. The wide-winged birds fly in apparently from

## The Land of Evangeline

the sunset, which surrounds as with a fiery halo the  
black and beetling forehead of Blomidon.

### THE RETURNED ACADIAN.

Along my father's dikes I roam again,  
Among the willows by the river-side.  
These miles of green I know from hill to tide,  
And every creek and river's ruddy stain.  
Neglected long and shunned our dead have lain.  
Here, where a people's dearest hope has died,  
Alone of all their children scattered wide,  
I scan the sad memorials that remain.  
The dikes wave with the grass, but not for me;  
The oxen stir not while this stranger calls.  
From these new homes upon the green hill-side,  
Where speech is strange and a new people free,  
No voice cries out in welcome; for these halls  
Give food and shelter where I may not bide.

(J. F. HERBIN.)

## The Apple Lands

### CHAPTER III

*APPLE LANDS OF ACADIE—THE CORNWALLIS  
VALLEY AND ITS STORIED RIVERS—KENT-  
VILLE—KINGSPORT—THE LOOK-OFF—  
BLOMIDON—PARRSBORO—  
GLUSKAP TALES*



EVERY charges are light in Wolfville.

One should drive everywhere. One should, in particular, drive across the dikes to the village of Port Williams (three miles), and thence on to the red and wave-worn promontory of Starr's Point. Port Williams is near the mouth of the Cornwallis. It huddles close to its bridge and its black wharves, and ships lumber and apples. With the flood tide the ships creep cautiously up to "the Port," and make fast to the wharves. The tide goes out with a rush, and they are left dry to the keel, cradled in ooze, at the bottom of a gaping and gleaming chasm; while far above their decks hang the wharf timbers dripping darkly.

From Port Williams the road runs to the right, down Starr's Point, which divides the mouth of the Cornwallis from the embouchures of the Canard and the Habitant. The Point is a low ridge covered with fruitful farms and wide-spreading orchards. Apples, apples, apples are its product, as they are of all this benign region sentineled by Blomidon. Here is the home of the pink-and-gold "Gravenstein," the gorgeous and imposing "King," the great crisp yellow "Bishop's Pippin," the modest but delicious "Golden Russet," and other varieties that have helped to make the "Apple Lands of Acadie" famous. Besides apples, pears, and plums the Point brings forth abundantly of potatoes and dairy produce; and over the farms rise tall and spectral windmills, which pump water for the stock. The extremity of the Point is wooded, and among the red tide-eaten rocks of its shore there is good bathing. At its most attractive farmsteads, "Sea-View," looking across the Basin to

## The Land of Evangeline

Blomidon, and "Sutton-Courtney," looking across the dikes and the Cornwallis to Wolfville, visitors find delightful summer retreat.

The name Cornwallis applies not alone to the meadows drained by the Cornwallis river, but to the valleys of the Canard, Habitant, and Pereau rivers as well, and extends to the very foot of North Mountain. The whole district, including the Look-Off and Blomidon, is accessible from Wolfville by driving, but the drives are long. The best way to see the sections not already described is to go to Kentville, seven miles distant, by the Dominion Atlantic, and thence take the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport.

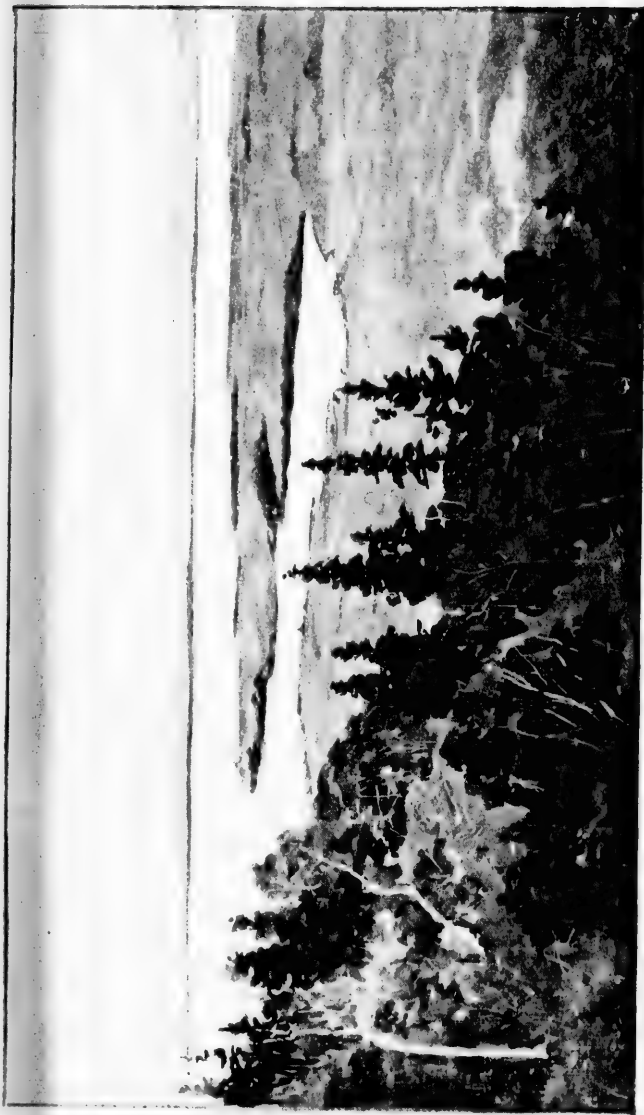
Kentville is a busy and beautiful town. The beauty of Wolfville is that of expanse and view; the beauty of Kentville is that of running water and leafy seclusion. The town is packed into a couple of narrow valleys, set thick with elms. The valleys wind unexpectedly, and the enclosing banks are abrupt. The tidal stream of the Cornwallis, twisting through its narrow strip of meadow, is met here by a chattering amber brook set thick with willows. The brook washes the dooryards. There are unexpected bridges, and green shade dapples the streets. Every turn gives a new and haunting picture, and one feels as if the place had been planned in a dream. The air is wholesome, especially kindly to the weak lungs or throat. The streets, windless though shady, are warm in summer; but it is only a step to climb the surrounding bluffs and come out into the breezes and wide views of Cornwallis. The view from Canaan Heights, several miles back of the town, is one not to be forgotten. Kentville has a charming social life, many families of culture having settled in the neighborhood. It has also an extensive business as the capital and trading centre of the rich county of Kings. It is the seat of the offices and machine-shops of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. It has an excellent new hotel close to the station—the Aberdeen—large, comfortable, and modern in equipment; and smaller hotels, with good accommodation, are numerous.

The Cornwallis Valley branch of the Dominion Atlantic Railway runs from Kentville through Canning and through the heart of the apple country to Kingsport, a distance of fourteen miles. Canning (eleven miles from Kentville) is a typical farming town, surrounded by rich meadows, its placid streets buried in leafage. Its comfortable inn is quaint and old-fashioned.

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THE REGION SENTINELED BY BLOMIDON.

To face page 12.]





## Whitewaters

Through Canning flows a narrow tidal stream, the Habitant, once a large river, but now almost silted full. The heavy crops of clover and timothy now wave where of old large ships came in upon the flood to Canning's wharves.

From Canning it is but a short drive across the Pereau to the foot of North Mountain and the Look-Off. This latter is a lofty spur of the main range. As the carriage crawls slowly up its steep face a series of enchanting pictures is unfolded below. The panorama seen from the summit is marvelous, not only for its sublime breadth but for the variety of its loveliness. The local enthusiast will tell you that you are gazing into five counties—Kings, Annapolis, Hants, Cumberland, and Colchester—but this fact is a very insignificant item in the impressiveness of the scene. From your feet the mountain side falls away abruptly, a mass of foliage palpitating with colored light. Far down, as if you could drop a pebble into it, lie the basking roofs of Pereau, drenched with sun. Further to the left is the enchanted dale of Whitewaters :—

Beside the wharf at Whitewaters  
The loitering ebb with noon confers,  
And o'er the amber flats there seems  
A sleep to brood of sun and dreams.

The white and clustering cottages,  
Thick shadowed by their windless trees,  
Inhabit such a calm that change  
Goes by and lets her face grow strange.

Up from the wharf at Whitewaters,  
Where scarce a slim sandpiper stirs,  
A yellow roadway climbs, that feels  
Few footsteps and infrequent wheels.

It climbs to meet the westering sun  
Upon the heights of Blomidon,  
Bulwark of peace, whose bastioned form  
Out-bars the serried hosts of storm.

A little beyond Whitewaters the waves are breaking, seen but not heard, on the base of Blomidon; and thence the eye ranges far up Cobequid Bay, past "Noel's haunted shores" on the one hand, and the mystic "Five Islands" on the other. In front are six rivers—the five whose names have been already told, and more remote, beyond Grand Pré and the Gaspereau mouth, the broad estuary of the Avon, the "Piziquid" of the Micmacs. (The Canard has the most impressive Indian name—the Apchechkumoochwakadi, "abounding

## The Land of Evangeline

in black ducks"). As many towns are in sight—if for its fame though not its size we may call Grand Pré a town. In the left of the landscape white sails are fleeing over the bosom of Minas; and bathing all is the soft light of the Acadian sky, deep blue but vaporous, with always a white cloud or two afloat in it like thistle-down.

A drive of about four miles further along the crest brings one out upon the massive brow of Blomidon itself. Here one looks down almost a sheer six hundred feet into the unsleeping tide. Around to the left is the giant trough through which the waters of the Bay of Fundy enter the Basin of Minas and Cobequid Bay. Through this trough, with its dark, precipitous walls, the seething white-and-purple tides sweep to and fro with a violence which no ship can withstand. The clean rock of the bottom affords no anchorage, and shipmen must defer to the tide when they would pass between Fundy and Minas. When wind and tide are at odds, then wild is the strife, and vessels often avoid the combat by running into West Bay, or back of Partridge Island, behind Blomidon, or into Kingsport. The sombre bulk of Partridge Island, guarding the haven of Parrsboro, is a conspicuous object across the channel from Blomidon. But Blomidon itself is not to be realized at such close quarters. He is too vast to be taken in except from a distance. He will be seen to best effect from the deck of the steamer "Evangeline," crossing from Kingsport to Parrsboro; and the traveler who wishes to explore for amethysts and other minerals will find it best to approach from the water and work around the base of the cliff into Amethyst Cove.

Returning to Canning, the traveler takes the train for Kingsport, three miles further on. This is a breezy shipping and shipbuilding town on a tongue of land thrust far out into the Basin. From Kingsport yards are launched some of the largest sailing ships of the world. From Kingsport's long pier ply ocean steamers, laden with potatoes or apples, to Havana and other tropical markets. With its fresh breezes, good bathing, and wide, exhilarating outlook, the town is fast becoming popular as a summer resort. It has two quiet inns, comfortable and homelike, where good meals are served and the charges are moderate.

The trip from Kingsport around the base of Blomidon and across to Parrsboro is one which the traveler cannot afford to miss. The twin-screw steamship "Evangeline" is comfortable and an excellent sea boat; and her com-

## Blomidon

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mander knows the many remarkable traditions of these storied shores almost as he knows each channel, current, shoal, and eddy of the capricious waters. The waters themselves, tawny-hued in shore, run to shifting shades of green, blue-grey, or violet as one gets further out. But the boat keeps close enough to the shore to make the scenery most effective. If the season is autumn, one sees mallard, sheldrake, and diver floating or flapping on every side, tempting the gun; and here and there the sinister black head of a loon eyes the boat, laughs weirdly, and dives as swift as thought. Presently the mouth of the Pereaú opens in the red shore; then just ahead lies fairy Whitewaters. Off Whitewaters is a choice place for squalls, which swoop vindictively down from the crest of Blomidon like ospreys from their eyry. The secure valley they cannot touch, but they strike the water fiercely some hundred or so fathoms from shore. At last the boat stands further out into the Basin, and passes under the eternal frown of Blomidon.

Seen from the neighborhood of Wolfville or Grand Pré, the outline of Blomidon is sharp and peculiar. The upper half of its front is a sheer perpendicular, while the lower half is a slope, though of dizzying steepness. From the deck of the steamer is now seen the explanation of this strange form. The lower half is composed of a soft red sandstone, which is worn away faster above than beneath. On the ruddy slopes clings a meagre and desperate growth of birch and other trees, which huddle in panic-stricken confusion and grasp at the storm-eaten crevices to keep themselves from plunging into the waves. The upper half is what gives the cape its terrifying frown. It is a naked wall of menacing dark-grey trap, once poured out as molten lava upon the sandstone in some cataclysm of past ages. Its grim wrinkles seem yet to remember the fires that fused it and made its iron mass to flow like water. Along the far brink of this wall hangs a fringe of fir trees.

As soon as the "Evangeline" has steamed past the stupendous front, the traveler looks into the shallow depression of Amethyst Cove, where the best specimens of the lovely lilac crystal and of other rare minerals are to be found. The simplest way to reach Amethyst Cove is by sail-boat or tug from Parrsboro, and the best time to look for specimens is in the spring, when the thawing of the ice in the fissures has brought down fresh debris. On the skirts of Amethyst Cove there exists—somewhere—a deep cave, supposed, of course, to be one of Kidd's

## The Land of Evangeline

treasure-houses. The story goes how the mouth of the cave was found, years ago, by some one who had landed at the cove for water. Not having lights with him he had failed to explore its black recesses; and when, some time later, he returned to investigate, he found that some land-slides—a chronic affection of Blomidon—had not only buried the cave mouth, but so changed the face of the steep that he could not tell where to dig. The tale has a fine provocative flavor, and the cave is yet there under the débris awaiting the determined discoverer.

Beyond Amethyst Cove opens out the picturesque rival of Blomidon, Cape Split. Just off the headland, the whirling surges of old Fundy tormenting its base, towers a slender pinnacle of rock, the abode of sea-birds. It was plainly once a part of the main promontory, but was split away in some stupendous convulsion, and then its softer portions eaten out by tide and storm till it reached its present shape. But the main promontory itself presents the more weirdly impressive spectacle. Perhaps by the same convulsion, perhaps by another, the face of the cliff has been wrenched away almost to its base, as if a part of the sea's floor had sunk beneath it. Through the dread chasm shine the far-off wave and sky. The severed cliff is inaccessible to man, all its fronts being sheer and bald; but there is a story of an Indian, or other unclaimed wanderer, having forced his daring way miraculously to the top in search of gulls' eggs. Return, however, and rescue proved impossible; and there among the wondering birds he perished.

When the steamer is half-way across the channel, interest begins to centre upon the Cumberland shore. What mighty headlands it puts forth! Right in front is Partridge Island, a huge and sombre hump of rock. Just north of it is the mouth of Parrsboro river, with the masts and cottages of the town clustered beyond. Further to the right are Clarke's Head and Ram's Head; then, miles up the Bay, the fabled group of the Five Islands, lofty and strange-shaped rocks. To the left of Partridge Island opens the deep haven of West Bay, with Cape Sharp as its southern arm. In the blue distance, past Cape Split, Spencer's Island and Cape D'Or are outlined against the sky.

The mythic hero of the region is Gluskâp, the demi-god of the Micmacs. Minas Basin, say the legends, was once a vast lake, the home of the Great Beaver, Gluskâp's enemy. In a terrific battle which devastated

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## The Hero Gluskâp

the surrounding shores Gluskâp slew his foe ; and the Five Islands are missiles which he threw in the contest. After his triumph he tore open the dam between Blomidon and the west shore, and the waters thundered out, so that no successor to the Great Beaver might ever make the Basin his resort. On Partridge Island, Gluskâp held a carousal with his faithful henchman, the divine Kit-poose-ee-a-goo-no ; and a whole whale hardly sufficed to stay their appetites. Some of the Gluskâp legends are full of poetry—as, for instance, the following : A village of his people was left defenceless by the absence of the warriors on an expedition. None remained in the lodges save the old men, the women, and the children. A war-party came up against the helpless village. In a neighboring wood the enemy slept, intending to attack at dawn. But in the night came Gluskâp. He waved his bow above them—and down through the summer leaves descended a terrible white frost, and sealed their sleep to an eternal stillness. Among them slumbered a captive woman with her child ; but the captives took no hurt from the magic death, and waking in the morning, they came away and told the villagers how they had been saved.

It was Gluskâp who quelled the moose, once a ravening monster that covered mountains in his stride and devoured whole villages. The hero with his open hand smote the monster between its eyes—and shrinking to its present stature it straightway began to feed on the green branches. It was Gluskâp who cleared the island of Newfoundland of its swarm of devils, that had wrought great mischief among his people. A team of whales drew him to the island, where, standing upon the shore, his spell drew the devils out of all their hiding-places and turned them into black stones. After his memorable feast on Partridge Island, Gluskâp threw his kettle bottom upward into the sea, and it became Spencer's Island. At last, in despair at the growing wickedness of beasts and men alike, Gluskâp went away. Up to that time men and beasts had all spoken in one language, and met in council when it seemed good to them :—

It was near sunset, and the wind was still,  
And down the yellow shore a thin wave washed  
Slowly ; and Gluskâp launched his birch canoe,  
And spread his yellow sail, and moved from shore,  
Though no wind followed, streaming in the sail,  
And roughening the smooth waters after him.  
And all the beasts stood by the shore and watched.



## The Land of Evangeline

Then to the west appeared a long red trail  
Over the wave; and Gluskâp sailed and sang  
Till the canoe grew little like a bird,  
And black, and vanished in the shining trail.  
And when the beasts could see his form no more  
They still could hear him singing as he sailed,  
And still they listened, hanging down their heads  
In long row, where the thin wave washed and fled.  
But when the sound of singing died, and when  
They lifted up their voices in their grief,  
Lo! on the mouth of every beast a strange  
New tongue! Then rose they all and fled apart,  
Nor met again in council from that day.

A Gluskâp legend which touches us moderns more nearly is that of the mystic stone variously known as the "Witch's Stone," the "Diamond of Cape Blomidon," or the "Eye of Gluskâp." This is a great gem, which tradition says is sometimes seen at night shining with miraculous radiance out of the dark face of Blomidon. The story comes down out of the most impenetrable mists of the past. It is said that of the many who have sought the stone, certain ones from time to time have found it—but to their own undoing. The possession of the mystic gem has always wrought irreparable misfortune to its possessor; and the gem itself has always found its way by sorcery back to the brow of the mount. Who knows but the great Acadian amethyst among the French crown jewels was none other than this "Eye of Gluskâp"? The sober historian will not deny that ever since that stone went to France the French throne has proved a Siege Perilous, as King Arthur would say.

Meanwhile the "Evangeline" is running in between Partridge Island and Clarke's Head. The island is seen to be connected with the mainland by a strip of delightful beach. Close at hand is "The Pier," where the steamer stops when the tide is not high enough to let her run up to Parrsboro. And here, too, is a new hotel for visitors who wish to stay at the pier for the fine bathing. The approach to Parrsboro up the brimming and winding channel of its river is most effective. Bridge and wharves and masts and roofs come together as if composed by the hand of an artist; the encircling hills, half cleared and half wooded, draw forward into the picture graciously; and the changing sky works lovely transformations in the light.

Parrsboro is a busy town of comparatively recent growth. Its great industry is the shipping of coal and lumber. Not far off are the Springhill coal fields (thirty-two miles by the Cumberland Railway), and back among

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## Virgin Fishing Waters

the hills are lumber areas of matchless richness. The town is well supplied with hotels, of which the Grand Central is one of the best. Parrsboro is the centre of a splendid fishing and hunting region, and in all directions lie picturesque scenes which are easily reached by driving. Apple River, Advocate Harbor, Cape D'Or—these will richly reward the artist or the tourist who seeks beauty and variety of landscape. At Five Islands is an attractive summer resort, with the added charm of a goodly sprinkling of ghosts; for several of the islands have their bouquet of phantoms, romantically horrifying. The woods which hang close about the villages are full of game. The Cumberland peninsula is a famous resort of moose, which are multiplying under the strict protection of the Provincial Game Laws. A short time ago a large moose strode down through the very back yards of Parrsboro, and crossed the narrow beach to Partridge Island. The red deer are coming in, and small game abounds on every hand. The turbulent little rivers are seldom fished, having hardly been discovered as yet by any but the local fishermen. They are rich, however, in salmon; and as for the trout they swarm in every purple eddy, dark "still-water," and rippling amber run. They are a clean fish, deep in the shoulder, slim in the tail, and magnificently game. Besides the fine sport they yield, these streams afford some wildly beautiful scenery. Moose River, with its leaping triple cataract, is well worth a long journey into the wilderness, though one should never cast a fly on the alluring waters. But I am trenching upon the subject of a later chapter. Suffice to say here that Parrsboro and its surrounding attractions demand and will repay much more than a flying visit. The visit over, the traveler may escape out of the Evangeline Land, as it were, through the postern gate, betaking himself to Springhill by the Cumberland Railway, and joining the Intercolonial Railway at Springhill Junction, whence the way lies open on the one hand to Halifax, on the other hand to Moncton and Quebec, and straight in front to Pictou, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island. The traveler seeking these latter resorts will reap, however, richer returns in landscape and historic lore by retracing his steps to Kentville, and there taking the Dominion Atlantic for Windsor and Halifax. Before leaving Kentville he will do well to drive across the mountain to Hall's Harbor or Baxter's Harbor, on the Bay of Fundy shore.

## The Land of Evangeline

### CHAPTER IV

#### ANNAPOLIS ROYAL — HER VALLEY, RIVER AND BASIN—HER PAST ROMANCE AND PRESENT SPELL, &c.



OURNEYING westward from Kentville, the tourist finds the first station of any importance to be Berwick, on the level of the wide valley. Here the air is so mild, dry, and healing to the lungs that health, beauty of landscape, and inspiring tradition may be wooed all together. Near Berwick the Cornwallis Valley ends, and that of the storied Annapolis—anciently the Port Royal or the Dauphin—begins. The Annapolis river is at first a very unpretending little stream—the Indians called it Tawopskik, “the river flowing out between rocks”—appearing modestly here and there beside the railway track. We are still in the “Garden of Nova Scotia,” which extends in its fertility all the way to Annapolis, and in fairy fragments down around the Basin to Digby. But even this fruitful plain has its few patches of sand waste or blueberry scrub, which the railroad naturally has selected for its road bed. Near Aylesford is a curious tract, nearly thirteen miles in length, level as a billiard-board, and clad in herbage which takes on in the autumn such glowing ruby tints that the plain seems dashed and splashed with blood. South from Aylesford stretches the great chain of waters known as the Aylesford lakes, reached by a stage line running to Dalhousie settlement. Kingston station has a charming country about it. A delightful drive is that to Melvern Square, and thence through or over North Mountain by what is called “the Vault Road” to Margaretville, on the Fundy coast. Near Wilmot station are the famous Spa Springs, supplying a mineral water of many virtues. The traveler will find it hard to believe in the virtue of this water, however, owing to the fact that it is not at all unpleasant. They are a very popular diluent for

## Annapolis Valley

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whiskey, and an agreeable ginger-ale is manufactured by their aid. There is a bath-house in connection with the springs, and pleasant picnic grounds surround them. The most agreeable way to reach them is by drive from Middleton, a station further on. From Wilmot a short branch line runs to the Torbrook iron mines, about three miles distant, in the skirts of South Mountain. The traveler on the main line will notice the passing of long trains laden with the red ore of these rich mines, going to be smelted in the furnaces of Londonderry, on the Intercolonial. The ore is a high-grade hæmatite.

Beyond Wilmot is Middleton, into which runs the Central Railway. Middleton is a straggling town on a rich but sandy plain, and is growing rapidly in prosperity. In the immediate neighbourhood are delightful drives and walks, along the winding Annapolis and where the arrowy Nictaux foams to its confluence. There are some quiet and comfortable inns at Middleton. From this point onward the valley gains continually in beauty. In full view are North Mountain on the right and South Mountain on the left; and the rails follow quite closely the course of the river. The pretty village of Lawrence-town is passed, and then comes Paradise, which is not more worthy of the name than many another hamlet of this lovely vale. At Paradise the track crosses to the left bank of the river, which begins to gather volume rapidly and soon comes under the influence of the tides of far-off Fundy. Where it grows deep enough for navigation stands the fair little pastoral town of Bridgetown, placid of mien and rich in history. For all its air of tranquillity it has a large trade, being the supply centre of a rich district; and its excellent water power is utilized in various manufactures. On the left of the track flows Bloody Brook, named in commemoration of a massacre which took place on its banks. A body of New England troops marching out of Annapolis fell into an ambuscade, cunningly prepared for them by the French and Indians, and were cut to pieces. In fact, from here on to Annapolis the peaceful landscape has been repeatedly drenched in blood. Leaving Bridgetown, we pass the station of Roundhill; and a few miles further on we run into the ancient town of Annapolis Royal, the oldest European settlement in America north of St. Augustine.

In spite of all its dignity of old, Annapolis is a small

## The Land of Evangeline

town. But she looms large in the traveler's eyes by reason of the mantle of history in which she wraps herself.

Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel  
Faint memories of Champlain's keel ;  
Thy pulses yet the deeds repeat  
Of Poutrincourt and d'Iberville ?

In 1604 the ships of Champlain and De Monts sailed into the enchanting harbor of Annapolis Basin. Fascinated by its beauty, Poutrincourt begged and received a grant of the surrounding shores, and named the place Port Royal. With strange blindness the expedition went on to found a settlement on a bleak island at the mouth of the St. Croix river, across the bay. The settlement was shattered by one winter of fierce cold and fatal disease ; and in the spring of 1605 the handful of dispirited survivors fled across to sheltered Port Royal, where they sank the roots of the colony. Hither in the following year came an additional band of colonists, led by the merry advocate of Paris, Marc Lescarbot ; and here was founded the " Order of a Good Time," whose wholesome merrymakings beguiled the tedium of the next winter.

This earliest and most gracious of Canadian social institutions has been thus described in another work by the present writer :—

" The members of the Order were fifteen, and their head was the ' Steward,' whose office was held for a day at a time by each member in turn. The Steward's responsibility was heavy. He had to provide an attractive bill of fare for the day's dinner, and material for such a task was not always abundant at Port Royal. At each feast it was requisite that there should be one entirely new delicacy. Towards spring the wine ran low, and instead of three quarts to each member the daily allowance was reduced to one poor pint. In the month of January the Order went on a six-mile picnic to see if the corn they had sown in November had begun to sprout beneath the snow."

The feeble colony went to pieces for lack of resources, but was revived by Poutrincourt in 1610. By-and-by it attracted the hostile notice of the Virginian settlements, and a freebooting captain named Argall sailed north, took it by surprise, and laid it waste. To its fortunes the noble Poutrincourt, and his son Biencourt after him, devoted their hearts and their estates in France ; but in vain, for Port Royal was doomed to be

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ANNAPOLIS BASIN

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## The Loyalists

a centre of ceaseless strife between the French and English colonies. It became a wasps' nest whose stings tormented sorely the New England coast. Again and again was it crushed by wrathful sallies from Massachusetts Bay. When there was peace for a breathing time between French and English, then Port Royal fought on its own account; for its aggressive chieftain, d'Aulnay Charnisay, waged war to the death against his rival La Tour, who had his fortress across the bay in the St. John's mouth. But this story belongs to another chapter. Fire and blood, capture and recapture, fill the tale of Port Royal for nearly two centuries. In 1710 the English grip closed firmly upon the prize, and its name became Annapolis Royal, in honor of Queen Anne. But the record of violence was not closed for three-quarters of a century more; and not till the American Revolution ended, and the United Empire Loyalists came in to possess the land, did a secure peace descend upon Annapolis. Since that day the region about has grown quietly but steadily to solid wealth and unpretentious comfort; and the ancient gage of battles has become a tranquilly embowered residence town and peaceful shipping port.

The makers of the present Annapolis and the best portions of the Province—as, indeed, of English-speaking Canada—were the Loyalists. Everywhere shows the work of their strong and faithful hands. As England gave of her most vigorous and uncompromising stock to people her thirteen colonies, so, when these colonies cut violently adrift from the motherland, they gave of *their* best and bravest blood to fill the waiting fields of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario. The Loyalists were the Fathers of Canada, and of no less heroic breed than their progenitors, they of immortal memory who landed at Plymouth Rock. All through Nova Scotia are scattered representatives of the most honored names of the Republic, and a New Englander reading the headstones in any old Provincial churchyard will imagine himself in some New England cemetery. The Loyalists were they who stood for the unity of the race, upholding that high principle at the cost of health, wealth, home, and often of life itself, as witness the crowded gibbets on the wharf at Charleston. The men who bled so freely for union in the war between North and South should do especial honour to the Loyalists who furnished their shining example.



## The Land of Evangeline

Annapolis is a spot which woos the stranger to stay. There is no withstanding its fascination. The atmosphere seems laden with story and tradition: the landscape is a slice of fairyland. There are several pleasant hotels and boarding-houses of a nice class, and the town will well reward a stay. There is fine bathing close at hand, with good fishing and shooting in the neighborhood. The drives about Annapolis are of great and varied beauty: across the river to the picturesque village of Granville under the hill, over North Mountain to the open Bay, along the river to Bridgetown, or up many a winding tributary valley that leads into the depths of South Mountain. From Annapolis, too, may best be reached the moose-pastures and marvelous trout-waters of the great interior lake-system whose streams descend to the Atlantic about Liverpool and Shelburne.

The situation of the town, on a well-treed narrow peninsula between the river on the right and an estuary of the basin on the left, and facing south to gaze down the spacious and sun-lit haven, is one of ideal charm. On the very front of the peninsula stands the old fort—a small affair to have made so much history. Smooth as velvet are the long slopes of its green ramparts, mindful in their quiet sleep of many an old assault. Block-house, bomb-proof, and one stone gateway are kept in good repair, and the place is the favorite resort of both townsfolk and visitors. The latest warlike experience which the fort remembers dates back to 1781, when it was attacked in the night by two American ships and captured. Its guns were spiked, and in its block-house were shut up the indignant but helpless townsfolk while the visitors plundered the town. When Britain, at the time of Confederation in 1867, handed over the fortresses and strongholds of Canada to the care of the Dominion Government, she retained possession of the old fort at Annapolis, of Fort Edward at Windsor, and of the Imperial properties at Halifax. There is an agitation among the citizens of Annapolis for the establishment here of a Canadian field-battery, which would seem much in accord with the fitness of things, although the situation has lost its strategic importance under the changed conditions of modern warfare.

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## Annapolis Basin

### CHAPTER V

*DOWN THE BASIN—DIGBY—THE SLEEPING  
BEAUTY, WAKED EACH SUMMER BY THE  
KISS OF THE WANDERING PRINCE—  
DIGBY CHERRIES AND "DIGBY  
CHICKENS"—WEYMOUTH  
AND ST. MARY'S BAY*



THE "Flying Bluenose" Express makes but a short stay at Annapolis, and is soon *en route* for Digby and Yarmouth. The traveler gets a new and charming view of the old fort through the car window on the right. In fact, all the way from Annapolis to Digby the traveler should sit on the right-hand side of the car, only remembering to look out on the left at Clementsport and Bear River, and every way at once when crossing Acacia Valley. Clementsport is an old settlement, with a deep river (the Moose). There is a quaint little church at Clementsport, built by the Loyalists; and a romantic drive leads to the sacred eminence of Blue Mountain, held highly in reverence by the Indians. The next stopping-place of interest is Bear River; but every mile of the line from Annapolis to Digby is full of interest. Skirting closely the south shore of the Basin, it affords all the way an ever-changing and ever-matchless view of that superb water, whose breast takes on all hues of pearl, amethyst, silver, beryl, and sapphire. The sombre purple rim of North Mountain bastioning the further shore is streaked with rust-red furrows where land-slides have denuded the slope. Along the grim crest lie sometimes soft white rolls of fog, thrust in from the outer bay; or else a sky of vaporous turquoise comes down to lightly touch the summit. In the midst of the tide rises the far-clad retreat of Goat Island, loveliest of picnic grounds,

## The Land of Evangeline

with its dark fringes of fish weirs trailing out across its shoals. Further down the Basin, near the mouth of Bear River, is Bear Island.

Bear River is crossed by a fine bridge, from the middle of which one looks far across the Basin, past the white cluster of Digby, through the grim but fascinating portal of Digby Gut, and out upon the waters of Fundy. From the left-hand windows one gazes up the steep-walled winding valley which Spring so whitens with her cherry-blossoms. The valley is fertile, and so sheltered that Winter almost forgets it in his visitations. The village is prosperous, with sawmills and a tannery to draw shipping to its wharves. The Indians call Bear River Elsetkook—"Flowing along by High Rocks." After leaving Bear River are more distracting views, chief of which is the Acacia Valley, already spoken of, where a shy stream slips under its willows to meet a deep arm of the Basin; then we turn to the right, and presently we run into Digby.

Digby is a beautiful hill-climbing seaport, with a population about equal to that of Annapolis. Its most famous products are its cherries—melting jewels of red and purple—and its delicate, plump, small smoked-herring, affectionately designated as "Digby Chickens." It does a large business, too, in catching, drying, and exporting cod and haddock, and the toothsome tidbit called "finnan haddie." But Digby is a veritable Sleeping Beauty till June brings the summer tourist to caress her into activity. Then her population swells as if by magic, for she is the Brighton of Nova Scotia. Her lawns and paths and orchards ring with laughing voices, and assume a butterfly gaiety with the glitter of bright summer gowns. She has a long and lofty pier jutting far out into the tide, forming a favorite promenade, which becomes a veritable garden of feminine beauty as the "Prince Rupert," laden with her usual large crowd of delighted passengers, proudly steams into view through Digby Gut. Digby has fleets of boats—pleasure-boats, fishing-boats, yachts. She has bathing-houses, and is abundantly equipped with hotels and summer cottages. In fact, she is much more distinctively a summer resort than Annapolis, for her northerly slope and her exposure to the salt winds which draw in through the Gut from Fundy secure her a far lower summer temperature. Annapolis is inland, pastoral, balmy; Digby is maritime, breezy, tonic. There are fascinating trout brooks in the neighborhood

## Digby

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to be reached by driving, and the drives are themselves  
sufficient reward to the lover of scenery.

The visitor to Digby has many water excursions to  
allure him, one of the best of which is the short sail out  
to the Gut, three miles distant. This majestic passage,  
known of old as St. George's Channel, is a Titanic cleft  
in the range of North Mountain. It is nearly two miles  
long and about half a mile in width. Its shores rise  
precipitously from five to six hundred feet. The steeps  
are darkly wooded, and seamed with land-slides. On  
the eastern steep what looks like a toy fishing village  
clings hazardingly. Cottages, wharves, fishing boats,  
all are dwarfed by the massive heights till they take on a  
strange unreality. A yellow road that climbs from the  
fairy village looks like a scroll of painted ribbon. The  
outer approaches of this grand portal are generally white  
with surf, flashing up coldly in the face of the black, tide-  
eaten cliffs. On the west side of the gate stand the light-  
house and fog-horn of Point Prim.

Just to the north of Digby, engrossed in its ancient  
task of holding back the fogs from the valley behind,  
runs North Mountain. At the angle between its  
northern extremity and the Basin, like a tower at one  
side of a church roof, rises Beaman's mountain, round  
and rugged, with the mouth of the Racquette stream at  
its base. Presently the mountain ridge comes to  
resemble a huge ocean causeway. It is a straight,  
narrow "hog's back," dividing Fundy from St. Mary's  
Bay. On either side the salt waves wash its base. This  
is Digby Neck—or, in the Micmac tongue, Oositooökun—  
which should be visited for its scenery, and for its game  
feathered and furred. The moose find their way down  
there, partridges and foxes abound, and ducks, geese,  
and plover frequent the shores. At length the range  
splits again, to form the Petite Passage, beyond which  
lie the detached masses known as Long Island and  
Brier Island. These are quaint regions, with their  
secluded and hospitable fishing population, their game,  
their minerals (amethysts, agates, cats'-eyes), and the  
treasures which they afford the naturalist. The waters  
of their southern shore abound in strange marine forms,  
there growing in great perfection.

Another thing which the visitor to Digby should not  
miss is the deep-sea fishing. This is carried on in the  
quiet waters of the Basin as well as in the unquiet  
waters of the Gut and outer Bay. The former will  
doubtless appeal most strongly to the lazy summer

## The Land of Evangeline.

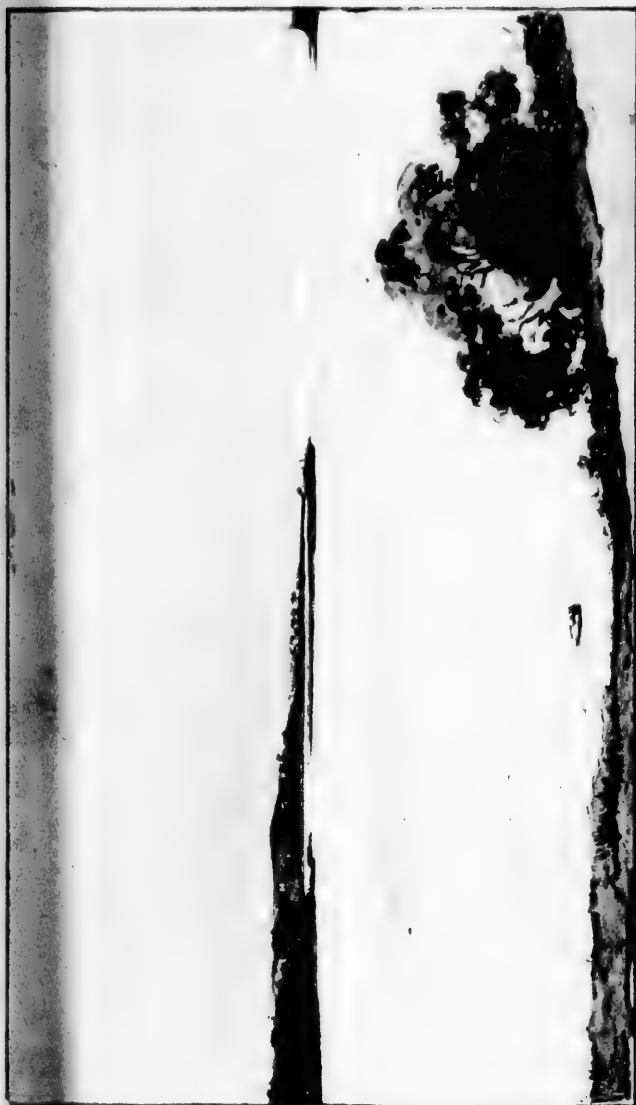
lotterer. There is excitement enough in hauling in the long, slippery line with the great flopping cod or protesting haddock on the end of it, without the additional thrill of feeling the skiff reel under one as it slides down the green troughs of the seas, and watching nervously the curled wave-crests that look ever ready to engulf the eggshell craft. After all, however, there is no better fun than racing free before a good mackerel breeze in the open, swinging and throwing wide the dory line with its gay lure, and landing the nimble, speckled beauties, which may be called the aristocrats of salt-water fish.

To leave Digby at all before November is not pleasant, but pleasant is the exit if one must go. The train of the Dominion Atlantic runs across the estuary of the Racquette, and the cherry-town is shut from view. The narrow isthmus separating the waters of Annapolis Basin from those of St. Mary's Bay is speedily crossed. A glance at the map will show how for the next thirty-seven miles the railway follows the shore of the bay, but at such a distance that one rarely gets a glimpse of the lovely waters, so that one would never guess the smiling country and spacious water lying two or three miles to the right. Jordantown, Bloomfield, North Range, Plympton, Port Gilbert, represent rich and established settlements. If the traveler gets off, for instance, at North Range, a drive of a couple of miles brings him out on a lovely landscape sloping down to the bay. The high road skirting the water is like a continuous village street; one cannot see where Barton village ends and Brighton village begins. The beaches are wide and inviting. The water is warm, and the bay, free from squalls, is a paradise for small sail-boats. It is a pleasant sail across to Sandy Cove, on Digby Neck. St. Mary's Bay is a splendid sheet of water, nearly forty miles in length and five or six in breadth, with a divine climate; and it is at present practically unknown to tourists. Travelers who love to break new ground, as it were, can hardly do better than experiment on this region, which may be reached from North Range, as I have already suggested, or perhaps more conveniently from Weymouth.

Weymouth is the most important place between Digby and Yarmouth. It is a very picturesque shipping and shipbuilding town on the bold valley of the Sissiboo River. It has an extensive West India trade and a good deal of wealth. Its people are chiefly of Loyalist origin. Its population is not far from equalling that of

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ST MARY'S BAY, NEAR WEYMOUTH.

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## Weymouth

Digby, it has all the charm of climate and scenery, and it is a good centre from which to reach the head-waters of the famous Tusket streams. Yet few tourists have so far discovered its attractions. Near at hand are the lovely Sissiboo Falls. A little below the town the river empties into St. Mary's Bay, whose shores invite the explorer in every direction.

## The Land of Evangeline

### CHAPTER VI

#### *CLARE DISTRICT, AND THE RETURNED ACADIAN EXILES—FATHER SIGOGNE— YARMOUTH, THE WEST GATE*



FROM Weymouth the traveler should visit the district of Clare, where dwell the descendants of exiled Acadians who found their way back home from their place of banishment. The Acadians make little provision for tourists, and the curious traveler will therefore do well to establish his head-quarters at Weymouth when he starts to explore this genuine survival of Old Acadie. After the expulsion the scattered Acadians gradually gathered together in groups, as crystals form in a solution. They found it hard to blend with the alien peoples who surrounded them. Even in Quebec they tended to cling together. Even in French Louisiana they formed a community apart, where they retain their characteristics and their name to this day, though in the midst of a kindred race and language. Indomitable is their patient tenacity. A band of them came back and settled on the narrow bays west of Halifax harbor—the district now known as Chezzetcook. Larger bands came to St. Mary's Bay, and to the extreme south-west corner of the province, the bewildering labyrinth of inlets, lakes, and islands around Tusket, where their compatriots had rested undisturbed.

In Clare they have kept themselves, as it were, unspotted from the world. Change and the modern spirit have passed by these contented homesteads. Here is the old Acadian speech, the tongue of Evangeline, unmodified by time. Here are the old costumes, the old customs, the old superstitions. The people do not coalesce into villages, but string their little white cottages for miles along the highway, which thus becomes an endless village street. Far back behind each house

## The Good Abbé Sigogne

extends a narrow strip of a farm ; for each landholder at his death divides his farm equally among his children—who are always numerous—and he so divides that each shall have a fair frontage on the street or on the water. The Evangeline pilgrim, after having digested Longfellow and Parkman, and soaked himself in the beauty of Evangeline's Land, should come to Clare and find himself face to face with Evangeline's people in the flesh. Here he will see many a dark-eyed, black-haired maid with such a countenance as Evangeline must have had. Their beauty is somewhat swift to fade, but it is excellent while it lasts. The whole Acadian community is prosperous. Their frugal habits, fruitful little farms, and the exhaustless fisheries on their very thresholds combine to thrust poverty far from them.

In the history of the returned Acadians there is no other name so shining, no other memory so revered, as that of the good and great Abbé Sigogne, who for half a century guided the destinies of these people between Annapolis and Pubnico. Sigogne was a Frenchman of good family and monarchical sympathies, who, on the outbreak of the French Revolution, fled to London. A two years' residence in England made him a warm believer in English institutions. In 1792 he came to Nova Scotia, and took duty as missionary to the Acadians of Clare, Tusket, and Pubnico. But he was much more than a missionary. His wide learning and varied abilities were all expended upon his people, to whom he served as lawyer, notary, judge, historian, and whom he ceaselessly instructed, not in religion only, but also in loyalty. He died in Clare in 1844. The Rev. J. R. Campbell, in his "History of Yarmouth County," justly remarks : " Had the Acadians *before* 1755 been blessed with such men to rule, guide, and instruct them they never would have been expelled."

After leaving Meteghan the train passes the stations of Maxwelton and Hectanooga, lumbering villages with busy sawmills, looking somewhat unequal to their sonorous and haunting names. Lake Annis, too, catches the ear agreeably. Lakes have now become so numerous that they lose interest to any but the freshest enthusiasm. The present writer has never been able to differentiate properly the lakes strung out between Weymouth and Yarmouth. He remembers, however, that they are all fine trout-waters, and those whereon he has himself cast a fly acquire for him an unforgettable individuality. Another station with lakes and

## The Land of Evangeline

sawmills is Brazil Lake, where the traveler may well get off, hire a carriage, and drive through lovely wood-roads to the secluded village of Carleton, on the upper waters of the Tusket river. Here he will find charm of scene and surrounding; and here he will find, in season, such fishing that the tale of it must be reserved for the sportsman's special chapter.

The stations of Ohio and Hebron may be regarded as simply suburbs of Yarmouth. Five miles beyond Hebron the train runs into Yarmouth station. Through travelers are presently carried on down to the wharves, where the Dominion Atlantic's noble ocean steamships wait to carry them swiftly to their destination.

Yarmouth is a city not to pass through, but to visit. Many tourists do no more than pass through it, because its fame as a gateway *par excellence* to Nova Scotia has in great measure obscured its attractiveness as a summer resort. The traveler who, starting from Boston, makes the Evangeline Land, St. John, Halifax, or Cape Breton the goal of his pilgrimage is led by the strongest considerations to journey by way of Yarmouth. This is the most direct and the most economical route. From Boston to St. John by way of the Land of Evangeline route is 350 miles; by the all-rail route it is 455 miles. From Boston to Halifax by the Evangeline route is 455 miles; by the all-rail line it is 731 miles.

When to these vast advantages in time and distance are added the beauty, variety, and associations of the country traversed, with the swift and luxurious train and steamship service of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, it is no matter of wonder that the Evangeline route outstrips its rivals in popular regard.

The history of Yarmouth, for the most part one of uneventful prosperity, has a slender roothold in the deepest layers of Canadian tradition. Any citizen will point out the famous Norse Stone, on which was found an inscription in dotted runes attesting to a visit of the Northmen some time in the 10th or 11th century. This is a testimony more authoritative and authentic than any other that has been so far discovered on New World soil. It is not a deluding witness, like the old stone mill at Newport, R.I., or the Algonquin scratchings on the Dighton Rock, which too credulous fancy formerly took for runes. There is every reason to believe that the Vinland of the Northmen was none other than Nova Scotia; and here at the south-west corner of the Province

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## Yarmouth

are several sea-cleaving headlands, one of which may have been that "Keelness" on which Leif Ericson built himself the first ship fashioned on the shores of the New World. Five centuries later, when Champlain had shown the French the way to Acadie, settlements sprang up about this south-west corner of the peninsula, where the climate was mild and the harvest of the fisheries rich. At Cape Sable was one of these settlements, and another at Poubomcoup (now Pubnico), not far from Yarmouth. These settlements, by reason of their remoteness, were in later days exempt from the intrigues which kept the Acadians so restless under English rule; and when the decree of banishment went forth in 1755 they were not interfered with. Upon the return of the exiles, spoken of in the preceding chapter, the same tolerance continued toward this region; for the old settlers were viewed with favor at Halifax, and the new-comers had learned a bitter lesson. A little later an immigration from New England set in; and a quarter-century afterwards came the Loyalists. The men who settled on Yarmouth River had a secure but narrow haven at their doors. They were of a plucky, persistent, and roving breed. They built ships, and their ships went everywhere. The growing West India trade enriched them; when wars came, privateering, too, enriched them, for they were bold sailors and their keels were swift. Their captains, after plucking the flower of adventure in strange lands and gathering gold abundantly into their capacious pockets, turned home and settled down; and Yarmouth became a colony of ship-captains.

With the decline of wooden ships, Yarmouth has not grown despondent like some other communities. She has turned her energies in other directions. She has gone into the manufacture of woollen cloth and a cotton duck or sail-canvas of such high quality that it competes successfully in the markets of the world. It goes to China and Japan. It goes into manufacturing England even; and the last great ocean-liner of the Cunards is equipped with sails from the looms of Yarmouth. Then she has extensive iron and brass foundries, machine shops, and other active industries. Her street railway is run by electricity, and in her new big hotel, the "Grand," she boasts what is certainly one of the best, most modern, and most luxurious hostelries in the whole Province. There are other good hotels in Yarmouth, such as the Lorne and the Queen; but they are altogether more modest in their claims than the Grand.



## The Land of Evangeline

This hotel was opened in the summer of 1894. It stands on an eminence commanding the town, harbor, and surrounding country. The view from its cupola is magnificent—it forms a fitting introduction for the tourist to the scenic enchantments of Nova Scotia. It is owned by a wealthy local company, and skilfully run by a manager who has had wide experience in the large centres. Its cuisine is *not* local, but metropolitan; its kitchens are appetizing in their exquisite cleanness and brightness; and its well-trained, neat-handed, noiseless waiters are not men, but demure and pretty girls, wearing in their cheeks the clear roses which Yarmouth air is so cunning to produce. The charges at the Grand are the same as those of the best hotels of St. John and Halifax.

Yarmouth is picturesquely situated along a slope parallel with the harbor, which is a beautiful piece of water at high tide. Across the harbor are bold, wooded islands, and wide flats which the flood tide transforms to a placid lake. The houses of Yarmouth are almost invariably surrounded by well-kept hedges, to which the cool, moist air imparts a delicious and lasting greenness. These omnipresent hedges are one of the first features to catch the visitor's eye—especially if he have come from sere August landscapes. In the hottest summer the thermometer here hardly goes above seventy, and in the coldest winter it does not fall much below its marking for New York.

About the city are beautiful drives, fairest of which is that which leads past Milton Ponds, as they are called, a lovely chain of lakes. Beyond these "Ponds" are the Heights, from which one gets a superb view of the city, the lakes, the river and marshes, and a far-off glitter of the ocean. Another pleasant drive is out to the cemetery, which is one of the loveliest in the Maritime Provinces, and a really artistic piece of landscape gardening. Yet another is to the surf of Maitland Beach. Other desirable expeditions take one to the lovely Tusquets—a marvelous archipelago at the mouth of the river, and a wilderness of lakes and tributary streams about its source. These are the famous fishing and hunting regions already referred to in connection with Brazil Lake and Carleton. Further particulars in regard to them, and how to reach them most conveniently, are reserved for another chapter.

The towns of Barrington and Shelburne are reached at present by stage from Yarmouth—a mode of conveyance which a new railway may shortly supersede.

## Barrington and Shelburne

Back of Shelburne lies an unsurpassed country for the devotee of rod and gun—a region of moose and bear, salmon and trout. At Port La Tour may still be seen the remains of La Tour's fort. Shelburne is worthy of a visit for its own sake. It lies on one of the most safe and capacious harbours of the whole Atlantic coast. Its history, for the most part uneventful enough, has one romantic and impressive episode. When the Loyalists came to Nova Scotia in 1783, no fewer than 12,000 of them settled on Shelburne Harbor. They were many of them wealthy and influential, and they brought with them slaves, dignity, and aristocratic traditions. A large and busy city sprang up in a night. Governor Parr came with a fleet, and the thunder of his guns saluted the splendid birth. Halifax, the capital, was thrown into the shade. But the splendour was fleeting. The surrounding country was not fertile, and there was no trade developed to support so large a population. Like Jonah's gourd, sprung up in a night, it withered in a day. The money brought by the citizens melted away—and then the citizens themselves melted away. A few went back to the young republic; others scattered to more promising settlements; and the city shrank to a village. Enough of the best element remained, however, to give a fine social flavor to the place, which, thanks to its shipping and fishing facilities, has grown gradually. Beyond Shelburne is the busy fishing town of Lockeport, on its island; then Port Mouton, pretty, but of interest chiefly for its name, given by De Monts in 1604 to commemorate the loss of a sheep which jumped overboard from his ship into the harbor. In that day a sheep was an important personage in Nova Scotia. Then comes the prominent shipping and fishing town of Liverpool, situated on Liverpool Bay at the mouth of the river which drains the great Lake Rossignol, dean of all the numberless faculty of Nova Scotia lakes. Liverpool Bay was itself of old called Rossignol—another instance of De Monts's nomenclature, which was so much more original and varied than that of Champlain. The latter was forever immortalizing the members of his own family and two or three specially favored saints; but De Monts considered incident and association. Rossignol was the name of an unhappy captain whom De Monts caught trading without permit in this harbor. Ship and cargo were promptly confiscated, and the captain's sole compensation was the honor done his name. Liverpool,

## The Land of Evangeline

though filled with stirring memories of old privateering days when her ships fought and plundered with a truly gallant zeal, is a somnolently peaceful town. At present Liverpool is most conveniently reached by stage from Bridgewater on the Central Railway. There are productive gold-fields in the rough country behind Liverpool, and it affords easy access to hunting and fishing districts—a subject on which a later chapter will enlarge.

## The Avon

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### CHAPTER VII

*FROM GRAND PRÉ EASTWARD—THE RUDDY  
AVON, WINDSOR, AND SAM SLICK—GOLD,  
PLASTER, MANGANESE—BEDFORD  
AND HER BASIN*



HERETO we have moved from Grand Pré westward. Now we will go eastward to Halifax. The line of the Dominion Atlantic crosses the Gaspereau at its mouth about a mile from Grand Pré. Here is the spot, seen through the car windows on the left, where the Acadians went on board the boats which carried them to the anchored ships off shore. The wide flats covered with yellow-grey salt-grass, and the pallid, opaque waters give an air of unforgotten sorrow to the scene. Just before crossing the river the train passes through the pleasant apple-treed village of Horton Landing. Here is situated an agreeable little half hotel, half country house, known as Dunedin Cottage.

As the train leaves behind the storied Gaspereau, the superb view across Minas Basin still unfolds itself on the left, still the landscape is dominated by the grim front of Blomidon. In a very few minutes we are at the little village of Avonport, at the mouth of the Avon river. The train rounds into the Avon valley over a high bluff to which it climbs by a sharp grade. The bluff is crowned by a lighthouse close to the track. The face of the promontory—only visible to the imagination of the traveler in the car—is a place of note for its fossils and other mineral treasures. At this point one gets a fair view of the prosperous farms and villages which occupy the further slopes of the Avon Valley—a view which, in changing beauty and with few breaks, follows us all the way to Windsor. High above the water runs the track. The Avon for the twelve miles of its course below Windsor is really a wide arm of the sea, and a highway for the largest ships. Its ruddy tides, which sweep backward and forward with swift violence.

## The Land of Evangeline

carry in dense solution the deep red mud of its fertile shores. Near the next station, Hantsport, is a pretty picnic and bathing resort called Blue Beach, much resorted to by parties from the neighboring villages, and even from Windsor, nine miles distant. Hantsport is a thriving little shipping and manufacturing town. Though extremely unostentatious it has a good deal of wealth, and is the seat of perhaps the wealthiest family of Nova Scotia, the ship-owning Churchills. A little beyond Hantsport the railway loses sight of the river, which it does not regain till the farming settlement of Falmouth is reached, and through a bright shimmer of orchards, open marshes, and dancing yellow waves one looks across the harbor to Windsor.

It is a fair picture. Large three-masted ships lie along the wharves; roofs, chimneys, and steeples crowd down to the water's edge, and press up the sides of the leafy enclosing hills. Two long iron bridges cross the head of the harbor, running from the Falmouth meadows into the face of a high red bluff on the Windsor side. The harbor, perfectly land-locked, is at high tide large enough to hold fleets of ocean steamers. When the tide goes out, however, there is practically no water left. Along the bottom of a vast yellow basin, with shining, slippery walls, wind two or three rivulets which a child might wade across. As for the ships, they now lie inland, high and dry. The nearest water is perhaps a hundred yards or so from their keels, at the foot of a long slope of sand or mud. After hours of emptiness there comes a far-off sound of rushing waters, the rivulets are suddenly drowned in an advancing sheet of yellow foam, and the flats and bars are speedily devoured. Then the filling of the vast space goes on quietly enough, till at last the ships are afloat, the dikes are all awash, and here and there, perhaps, the pale flood is creeping up to the very edges of the streets. The rise of tide at Windsor is sometimes more than fifty feet. It brings with it ships, tugs, steamers, and small sail-boats, and the harbor becomes for the next hour or two a scene of busy activity.

In spite of the fact that her harbor can be said to exist but three or four hours out of the twenty-four, Windsor is the third shipping port of Canada, being surpassed in this regard only by St. John and Montreal. This is no small distinction when it is remembered that Canada's mercantile marine ranks fifth among those of the world. Windsor's ships have brought her wealth.

## Sam Slick

and this town of enterprising shipowners is richer than any other place of its size in the Maritime Provinces. It has prosperous manufactures—a furniture factory, a foundry, a tannery, a cotton mill, a plaster mill, a fertilizer factory, and saw mills. Large, handsome shops, well-paved sidewalks, and electric lights, combine to give the place almost an urban flavor. There are good hotels, and some attractive boarding-houses, chief of which is the delightful "Fairfield," about half-a-mile out of town.

It is as an educational centre that Windsor is most famous. King's College, familiarly known as "Old King's," is the oldest colonial university in the British Empire. She was founded, under Loyalist auspices, in 1789, and received a Royal Charter in 1802. Her members have the privilege of wearing Oxford academicals, and on her rolls are names illustrious in Canadian and Imperial history. Conspicuous among them are those of General Sir Fenwick Williams, the defender of Kars, Sir John Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, and Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the immortal creator of "Sam Slick." Windsor lies among park-like meadows and rounded hills; and on the southern slope of one of these hills stands the grey college building, behind an avenue of noble elms. In the valley to the left is the Collegiate School for Boys, founded several years before the college; and crowning the next hill-top is the new Church School for Girls, generally known as "Edgehill." The three institutions are under the control of the Church of England. The grounds of the college, "College Woods," are a labyrinth of groves, deep ponds, and curious winding glens. Though private property, they practically serve the purpose of a spacious public park. A beautiful walk and drive lead through them from the college toward the town, skirting the "Devil's Punch-bowl" on the right, and the fairy valley of the "Three Elms" on the left.

The college road leads straight past the gate-house of "Clifton," the beautiful estate that once belonged to Judge Haliburton. It is universally known as the "Sam Slick Place." The grounds are finely diversified and wooded, and command a magnificent view over the river and the town. The quaint, wide-spreading wooden house was built by Haliburton, and was once the scene of brilliant hospitalities. When Haliburton wrote "The Yankee Clockmaker," and placed "Mr. Samuel Slick, of Slickville," before the world, he founded the great

## The Land of Evangeline

school of modern American humor, and sprang into instant celebrity. He thus became the Father of Canadian Literature. Among other important products of his pen was a history of Nova Scotia; and he found time to win success as a lawyer and a politician. He resigned his judgeship to go to England, where his fame was greater than at home; and he was elected to a seat in the Imperial House of Commons.

At Clifton gate the road crosses the chasm of an abandoned plaster quarry. On a hill to the right are the grounds of the lawn tennis club, from the roof of whose pavilion is obtained the best view of the town and its environments. On the opposite side of the town, and immediately overlooking the station, is yet another hill, whose summit bears the green ruins of Fort Edward. From this point of vantage one takes in not only the Avon almost down to Hantsport, but also the valley of the St. Croix, which flows in at the right of the town. Large ships ascend the St. Croix several miles to the plaster quarries of Wentworth. Windsor was called by the Indians Piziquid—"the Meeting of the Waters"; and this name was retained by the Acadians, who had a flourishing settlement here. When Acadie came into British hands Fort Edward was built here to control the whole Minas region. At the time of the expulsion the inhabitants of Piziquid shared the fate of those at Grand Pré and Annapolis. Then the fort fell into disuse. But its block-house and the old barracks are in good preservation, and the grassy ramparts are a resort for lovers and tourists on summer evenings. The present Windsor may be said to date from the coming of the Loyalists. The region round about was settled by soldiers of disbanded regiments who had fought in the war; and the officers of these regiments took up lots in the town.

Other points of interest in Windsor are the Kissing-Bridge and the Spa Spring. The bridge is a structure for foot passengers only, and crosses the deep gully through which the railway enters the town. It leads wayfarers out upon the high bluffs back of Clifton Place. The origin of its name is a mystery—perhaps a case of *lucus a non lucendo*, as the bridge is lofty and conspicuous, and I can discover no authentic records of anyone having ever been kissed thereon. The Spa is a wayside spring on the Chester Road, a half-mile out of town, most pleasantly reached by a footpath running across the marshes from King's College. Its waters contain iron, magnesia, and the other orthodox

## Windsor's Surroundings

Ingredients, and have the distinction of being good for one without being nasty.

The visitor should drive up the Avon valley, past Martock, across the river, and down the Falmouth side. He should on no account fail to drive in the opposite direction, across the St. Croix to the lovely and secluded village of Brooklyn, on the Meander. Then there are the great plaster quarries of Wentworth to visit, the more distant gold mines of Rawdon, and the manganese mines of Tennicape and Walton down the shore. The plaster quarries are but three miles out of town, on bold and beautiful hills. A short railway carries their product to the wharves on the St. Croix, and a fleet of large ships is kept busy bearing the plaster, white and blue, to the markets of New York and Philadelphia. There are other quarries in the neighborhood, but less extensive and interesting than those of Wentworth. In fact, the whole immediate vicinity seems to be built on gypsum foundations; and in spots the soft rock is eaten away by underground streams till the soil above sinks in and strange pits, "punch-bowls," and "sink-holes" are formed. A fair specimen of these is the famous "Devil's Punch-bowl," close to the plank walk in the College Woods. The gold mines of Rawdon and the manganese mines of Tennicape are somewhat out of the way, but they are exceedingly rich, and worth a long drive not only for their own sakes, but for the fine scenery surrounding them.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway makes almost a complete circuit of the town in entering and leaving Windsor. A farewell glimpse of the college, to be caught from the rear of the train, is worth remembering. The next station of any importance is Ellershouse, a village on the brink of a deep valley. Beyond Ellershouse lie the Stillwater Lakes, and a wilderness of famous trout-waters. Then comes Mount Uniacke, with gold mines, a developing region. Then Beaver-Bank; then the picturesque Windsor Junction. This spot is unique. It is a maze of deep pools and massive grey rocks—the naked frameworks of the world. Some scattered patches of blueberry and bay touch the greyness here and there with a dash of soft olive in summer, in autumn with a stain as of spilt rubies. From this point the Dominion Atlantic runs into Halifax, a distance of fourteen miles. Six miles from the junction the cars emerge from a rough wooded country, cross a



## The Land of Evangeline

high bridge that traverses a pretty valley full of cottages, and come out upon a magnificent islanded water, whose clear green waves shine like jewels in the sun.

This is Bedford Basin, and the village at its head is the fashionable suburb and summer resort of Halifax. Here are good accommodations for the summer visitor ; the bathing is matchless, and the boating not surpassed even by that of Annapolis Basin. This great arm of the sea, connecting with Halifax harbor by a deep passage called the Narrows, is tranquil as a lake, and a favorite place for boat-races. The scenery of Bedford is in marked contrast with that of the Minas district. The waters are of a very different hue, the light green meadows are replaced by blue-green and purple hills, and the rocks are no longer red but dark grey. The run into Halifax along the shore of the basin is lovely. At Rockingham is seen the large brick structure of the Mount St. Vincent Roman Catholic School for Girls. Then the harbor with its shipping comes into view ; and in a few moments the train brings up in the Halifax station at North Street.

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## CHAPTER VIII

### HALIFAX, THE EASTERN GATE



As the traveler starts to leave the station at Halifax his ears are saluted by a din of cabmen's voices soliciting his patronage. The cabs are numerous, but competition has not brought down the prices; and one is charged 50c.

for the drive down town to any hotel or steamboat wharf. The rates about town are as follow :—For one person one mile or less, 25c. ;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, 30c. ; 2 miles, 40c. ; and so on proportionately. One-half the above rates are to be paid when returning in the same carriage. When cabs or carriages are hired by the hour the price is, for a one-horse vehicle, 75c. per hour ; for a two-horse vehicle, \$1 per hour. The hotels are, with one or two exceptions, grouped at the south end of the city, nearly two miles away. (See Appendix C.) Hotel life in Halifax is exceedingly comfortable without being showy. The Halifax Hotel and the Queen are dignified and altogether excellent hostleries ; the Waverley is very quiet and aristocratic ; and there are excellent boarding-houses. The city had a population of 38,556, by the census of 1891, and thus ranks as seventh in size among Canadian cities. Her buildings, whether old or new, cheap or costly, wear an aristocratically sober greyness which visitors accustomed to new bricks are apt to call dinginess. But Halifax is one of the wealthiest cities of its size on the continent. She has an electric street railway. Steamboat lines run from Halifax wharves to Baltimore, Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Antwerp, Hamburg, Bermuda, Jamaica, Havana, and other foreign ports ; and to Newfoundland, St. Pierre, Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton. There are two excellent general clubs, the "Halifax" and the "City," besides the club of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. Boats can be hired at North Slip, Ferry Slip, and Luke's. The chief places of amusement

## The Land of Evangeline

are the Academy of Music, Orpheus Hall, the grounds of the Wanderers' Amateur Athletic Association, and the Garrison Cricket Club ground. The Studley Quoit Club is an old and exclusive institution.

Halifax stands on an elevated peninsula at the head of one of the finest harbors on the whole Atlantic coast of North America. Back of the city is Bedford Basin, and the beautiful deep inlet known as the North-west Arm fences her on the right. Halifax is an infant in years compared with Annapolis, or even Windsor. The harbor, formerly called Chebucto (which is Micmac for "Chief Haven"), was in the days of the French *régime* a favorite rendezvous for the fleets of France in North Atlantic waters. When France in 1746 sent D'Anville to wipe out the New England colonies, the place of meeting for the French fleet was appointed at Chebucto. Storms, mismanagement, and thronging disasters of many kinds shattered the unlucky D'Anville's enterprise, and Boston was saved. But Boston saw that Chebucto should be fortified, and represented the matter so strongly to the Home Government that the Lords of Trade and Plantations in 1749 sent out a body of emigrants. The colonists landed in June, to the number of 2,576; and the autumn saw a town of nearly 5,000 inhabitants where a few months before had been a wilderness. On the hill behind the settlement—now Citadel Hill—was erected a palisaded fort, and the colony was named Halifax, in honor of Lord Halifax, who was then President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. At the same time there sprang up the rival settlement of Dartmouth on the opposite side of the harbor. The Indians and Acadians, nominally friendly (for Nova Scotia was a British possession), harassed the settlements continually, so that it was impossible for the colonists to venture alone into the surrounding woods. Outlying houses were raided by night, and children snatched into captivity from the cradle or the threshold. One night in 1751 Dartmouth was attacked, the villagers murdered in their beds, the houses burned to the ground, while the citizens of Halifax, too far off to give aid, looked on with horror at the flames. When their rescue party reached the scene the work was done, and the scalped bodies lay in the smoking ruins.

In the following year came a body of German colonists, 500 in number; and Halifax grew rapidly in importance and population. She was the centre of

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## The Fortifications

naval operations during the American Revolution. In the American Civil War her sympathies were markedly with the South, and her ships made an immense deal of money by blockade-running. This advantage was rather heavily offset, however, by the trusting zeal with which her citizens invested in Confederate securities! Halifax now depends largely upon her trade with Newfoundland and the West Indies, and upon her prosperous manufacturing interests. She is the headquarters for the fleet of the North Atlantic Squadron, and there are nearly always British ships of war in the harbor. She is the only Imperial stronghold in Canada; and her tremendous fortifications, which have won her the name of the "Cronstadt of America," are occupied by a garrison of about 2,000 Imperial troops. The presence of the army and navy officers adds much to the social life of the city, which is distinctly brilliant. This is not to be wondered at in a capital which is also a university and cathedral city, the seat of a parliament, a lieutenant-governor, a commander-in-chief, an admiral, an archbishop, and a bishop. Halifax is very English in its flavor, in spite of the fact that her birth was an inspiration of Massachusetts.

Before exploring Halifax the traveler should get a general view of the city, which may best be done from two points. First, ascend Citadel Hill and scan the magnificent prospect from outside the ramparts; then take boat, or the Dartmouth Ferry, and survey the piled-up city from mid-harbor. This latter view is entrancing toward sunset, but lovely enough at any time. The city is in this way easily understood as a whole, after which the details become more interesting. Most interesting of all, of course, are the fortifications, which supply the key-note to the individuality of Halifax among cities. They are the lions of the place—and lions whose roar bears little resemblance to that of a sucking dove. The most impressive fortress is the Citadel, on a hill 255 feet high. It is one of the great fortresses of the world, and is being yearly strengthened. Its mighty bastions and tremendous guns make an impression which the visitor will not soon forget—if he is fortunate enough to receive it. Formerly it was easy to gain admission to the Citadel; but some curious tourists were found amusing themselves with making plans of the grim arcana and the approaches thereto—and tourists straightway ceased to be made welcome. It became

## The Land of Evangeline

almost impossible even for citizens of Halifax to gain admission. During the last few months, however, this stringency has been greatly relaxed ; but if travelers are admitted now they must leave their faithful kodaks without the gate ! The Citadel had its birth in a stockade erected at the foundation of the city, on the area now enclosed by Barrington, Salter, and Jacob Streets. The American Revolution caused the building of more serious defences ; and when Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, was Commander-in-Chief (from 1794 to 1797) he began the present fortifications, which have grown steadily but quietly. Imperial expenditure goes on without cessation at Halifax. Next in importance to the Citadel, and perhaps in reality a stronger fortress, is the harmless-looking green mound in mid-harbor known as George's Island. Under its quiet grasses the island is a honeycomb of passages and batteries and arsenals ; and it swarms with troops like an ants' nest. Here no visitor sets foot ; but if one should land, and begin to ramble over the pleasant slopes, he would suddenly find himself on the brink of a little hollow and slipping into the muzzle of a huge hidden gun, an ambushed beast of prey. Such surprises, masked in waving weeds, would dog his footsteps all over the island. Between the crossing fires of the Citadel and George's Island no warship could live many minutes. On the other side of the harbor, just below Dartmouth, is the dark bulk of Fort Clarence, covering the Eastern Passage. This is a narrow and dangerous channel between McNab's Island and the eastern shore, and was of old considered impassable to all but the smallest vessels—a delusion which the "Tallahassee" dispelled. The "Tallahassee," a famous fast cruiser of the Confederate States, was lying in the harbor of Halifax, watched by an American squadron. In the harbor she was safe ; but she wanted to get out, and the Union ships were ready to bag her the moment she should show herself outside. One dark night, however, she slipped down behind McNab's Island and made good her escape ; and the reputation of the Eastern Passage as a channel which could do without watching was ruined for ever.

McNab's Island is two miles below the city, and is a favorite picnic ground. It carries two heavy batteries, whose fire crosses with that of the great York Redoubt and other batteries on the western shore. On Point Pleasant, the park which occupies the tip of the

## The Imperial Dockyard

peninsula, are strong masked batteries, whose guns look straight down the harbor. Off the harbor mouth, about twenty miles below the city, lies the grim island of Sambro, occupied by a "look-out" party of artillery, and crowned by a lighthouse which has guided many a trembling bark to port.

Toward the upper end of the harbor is the Imperial Dockyard, divided from the rest of the city by a high stone wall. It is fourteen acres in extent. Strangers can usually gain admittance by sending in their cards to the Superintendent. Admiralty House is near by, on Gottingen Street. Off the Dockyard lie Her Majesty's ships of the North Atlantic Squadron. Adjoining the Dockyard is the large and costly structure of the Dry Dock, the most capacious in Canada. This Dry Dock is 613½ feet long, 102 wide, with 30 feet of water on the sills. It is larger than the Brooklyn Dry Dock by 46 feet in length and 13 in width.

Further down is the Imperial Ordnance Yard. Along the water's edge, past the heads of the wharves, run Upper and Lower Water Street, a region of steamship offices. The next street is Hollis—in some respects the most important street in the city. Opposite the Halifax Hotel is the city central office of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, where tickets for tours and information as to routes can be best obtained, and the General Freight Agent can be consulted. The lower end of Hollis Street is at the Royal Engineers' Yard, commonly called the Lumber Yard, where South Street begins at right angles to it. Hollis Street has the banks and business offices of the city, the Halifax Club, the chief hotels, the Post Office, and the Parliament House. The Post Office, at the intersection of Hollis and George Streets, is a stately building, containing also the Custom House and the Provincial Museum, which latter is well worth a visit. On the side walks all around the Post Office the country folk hold the "Green Market" every Wednesday and Saturday morning. The sight is well worth getting up early to see. Here are French, Dutch, Indian, and negro, in every variety of picturesqueness, and offering for sale an astonishing diversity of country treasures. There is a commodious Market House behind the Post Office; but it is ignored with scorn by these conservative traffickers of the side walks. Opposite the Post Office is the austere and massive pile of the Parliament building, containing also the Legislative Library. Covered with dignity and grime, it has stood since 1818,



## The Land of Evangeline

an example of really sound, harmonious, and sincere architecture. The Chamber of the Legislative Council is in the south end of the building. It contains fine portraits of "Sam Slick," Sir Fenwick Williams, Sir John Inglis, several of the kings and queens of England, and one by Benjamin West of Sir Thomas Strange. In the Assembly Chamber, at the other end of the building, are portraits of those great leaders of the people and great rivals, "Joe" Howe and J. W. Johnston. In a small room where the Executive Council sits is the historic table at which sat Cornwallis, with his associates, when the first Council of Nova Scotia held its first session on board the ship "Beaufort."

Parallel with Hollis Street, and past the rear of the Parliament building, runs Granville Street—a street of large retail business. Then comes the main artery of the city, the busy and ambiguous thoroughfare of Barrington Street. This street has much ado to know its own mind, and the visitor has much more ado to understand its many aliases. Far down at the Park on the Point it begins as Pleasant Street; presently, and mysteriously, it becomes Barrington Street; then, degenerating in elegance, it becomes Lockman Street, and under this name conducts the traveling public to the railway station on North Street; lastly it becomes Campbell Road, and scurries off into obscurity. On the lower end of Barrington is the Presbyterian Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music. Coming north, one passes Government House, a fine old stone building which dates from the opening years of the century, and looks close akin to the Parliament House. Opposite stands the old cemetery of St. Paul's, with its monument to the Nova Scotian heroes, Welsford and Parker, who fell before Sebastopol. Next to Government House is St. Matthew's Church (Presbyterian), a well-proportioned structure. Almost adjoining is the Academy of Music, the chief theatre of the city. The proximity is suggestive of that alliance between pulpit and stage of which Utopians often dream. Here begins, at right angles, the important street called so idyllically Spring Garden Road, with St. Mary's Cathedral (Roman Catholic) almost in the angle. This, the most imposing ecclesiastical structure in the city, is built of greystone and granite. Continuing along Barrington Street one passes the Church of England Institute and the City Club, new and fine buildings; and then comes upon a long, low, dark edifice, with an

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## The Castine Fund

aristocratic air which redeems its ugliness. This is old St. Paul's, with hallowed associations for every patriotic Canadian, whatever his creed. It was built in 1750, at Imperial expense, while Halifax was yet in her swaddling clothes; and it could then seat the whole population. The church is a model of St. Peter's, Vere Street, London. Its walls, covered with old mural tablets, are a mine of lore for the antiquarian. From the front of St. Paul's, along between Barrington and Argyle, extends the Parade, terraced on a massive granite wall of Egyptian design. At the north end of the Parade rises the fine new City Hall, where stood the old building of Dalhousie College. This university, after many vicissitudes, has attained a large and vigorous usefulness, and a wide reputation. It should excite a peculiarly piquant interest in American visitors by reason of its origin. In the war of 1812 Nova Scotia sent out a small force, and occupied the eastern section of Maine. The inhabitants took the oath of allegiance to the English crown; and a goodly sum of money was collected during the occupation, in the form of customs duties at the port of Castine. When the war ended with the Treaty of Ghent the Governor of Nova Scotia surrendered his Maine conquests. The money, however, remained at Halifax, and was called the Castine Fund. It went eventually toward the endowment of Dalhousie College. The new college building, a fine brick structure, is situated some distance out Morris Street, near the Exhibition Building, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, the Institution for the Blind, the Victoria General Hospital, and the Poor Asylum, all conspicuous structures.

When one leaves Barrington Street and ascends the hill, the next important street is Brunswick, running past the front of the Citadel. On this street, a short distance north, is a curiosity among churches, the little Lutheran chapel built for German immigrants in 1761. It is like a toy church built by children with blocks, or a venerable and fantastic brown pigeon-house. Brunswick street has many churches—and needs them all. Garrison Chapel, under the Citadel, plain as a barn outside, but gorgeous within by reason of its military services; St. Patrick's (Roman Catholic); St. George's (Anglican), a curious round structure, so built that there might be no corners for the devil to hide in; and the church of the Reformed Episcopalians may be particularly mentioned. Other interesting churches of the city are

## The Land of Evangeline

Fort Massey (Presbyterian), on Tobin Street, and St. Luke's, the pro-Cathedral, on Morris Street.

With the Public Gardens and Point Pleasant Park Halifax is rarely endowed as far as pleasure-grounds go. The Gardens cover an area of fourteen acres. They are artistically laid out, and kept with loving care. On Saturday afternoons throughout the summer the music of a good military band allies itself to the charms of fresh sward, glowing parterres, gay foliage, and the cool expanses of the pond. There is often good tennis to be seen on the lawns, and the evenings are made gay by frequent illuminations. Adjoining the Gardens, to the north, are the athletic grounds of the Wanderers, and also the Common, where military reviews and sham fights take place from time to time. Point Pleasant Park is the great unsophisticated rival of the Public Gardens, and lies, amid its old woods and rocky dells, just at the mouth of the North-west Arm. The park is Imperial property, and its charm is greatly heightened by the forts and masked batteries which ambuscade in its sylvan recesses. Its drives are hard and smooth, and wind curiously; its pictures of the harbor, the Arm, the forest shift each moment; its foot-paths—of a narrowness and seclusion nicely adapted to the needs of lovers—lead to certain springs of mystic virtue, or to nooks where the eye pries not easily. As for the trees, the rocks, the moss, the mounds, these have not been rashly meddled with. They are kept clean, but not "improved." The pleasantest way to "do" the park, whether walking or driving, is by way of Pleasant Street, along the water's edge through the "Freshwater" district, to the extreme of the Point, and thence northward. An old Martello tower in the centre of the park is called the Prince of Wales's Tower. From the park one should continue still northward along the Arm, passing the Presbyterian Theological College of "Pine Hill," and many fine private residences.

The North-west Arm (called by the Indians Wag-woltichk—"End of the Bay") is about half-a-mile in width, and runs inland about three and a half miles to within a short distance of the shores of Bedford Basin. A half-mile more of water invasion, and Halifax would have been an island. The mouth of the Arm was in old days closed to hostile ships by a huge chain cable, swung from rings in the faces of the rocks. The remoter regions of the Arm are a favorite summer resort, and the waters afford fishing, boating, and bathing. An exciting and

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## Dartmouth

unusual pastime is that of lobster-spearing, conducted in the following fashion. The spearsman is armed by no means with a spear, but with a large hook on the end of a shaft. He stands in the bow of a boat, which is pushed stealthily through the clear green shallow water. Tide is low. The lobsters are lurking under the edges of the rocks, all but hidden in the olive fringes of the seaweed. It takes a sharp and knowing eye to detect those long, bottle-green tentacles—to distinguish them from the companioning weeds. It takes dexterity not a little to hook the lobster forth, conjure him delicately and swiftly to the surface, and neatly land him in the bottom of the boat. The angry crustacean is not greatly injured by the process, and flops about with ominous claws, to which fingers and ankles may well give wide berth. At the head of the Arm is Melville Island, with its military prison, where the American prisoners were kept in the war of 1812.

Some of the prettiest drives about Halifax are on the North-west Arm. What is known as "The Dingle," three miles from town and near Dutch Village, is a spot of fairy loveliness. Beyond "The Dingle," on the Margaret's Bay Road, is the famous "Rocking Stone," a mass of granite 160 tons in weight, so nicely balanced on a base of some twelve by six inches that it may be swayed by a child using a stick as a lever. In this same direction lie the Chain Lakes, whence Halifax gets her water-supply, and where, in spite of prohibitory enactments, many fine trout are caught. Another favorite drive is to Bedford, along the Basin, passing Rockingham and the site of the "Prince's Lodge," where Prince Edward had his dwelling one hundred years ago. The Lodge, with its memories of love, and statecraft, and regal ceremony has fallen before the siege of time; but the band rotunda stands, a quaint, semi-classic structure, over-hanging a railway cutting. Then one should visit the busy town of Dartmouth, across the harbor, picturesquely dropped among its dark hills. Dartmouth ferry-boats run every quarter hour. The town has some 6,000 inhabitants, a sugar-refinery, a marine railway, a rope-walk, a skate factory, and—by no means least imposing feature—the great grim pile of Mount Hope Lunatic Asylum. The most salient event of Dartmouth history, its massacre, has been elsewhere referred to.

Back of Dartmouth, to the north, lies the beautiful chain of the Dartmouth Lakes, a famous resort of



## The Land of Evangeline

skaters when the ice has set firmly. From these lakes runs the old Shubenacadie Canal, connecting the waters of the Atlantic with those of Minas Basin and Fundy, by way of the Shubenacadie River. Four miles north of Dartmouth are the Montagu gold mines, well worth a visit. Along the coast south-eastward, a distance of seven miles, is Cow Bay, a summer resort famous for its noble beach and splendid surf. The whole country around Halifax and Dartmouth is a network of lakes and streams, including some of the best fishing-waters of the Province; and there is excellent cock, partridge, plover, and duck shooting within easy reach. (See Chapter XI.)

## The Steamer "Prince Rupert"

### CHAPTER IX

#### ST. JOHN, THE NORTH GATE—THE LOYALIST CITY



HALIFAX has a rival, younger but larger than herself. This rival is the city of St. John, already mentioned as the north gate to the Evangeline Land. The distance from Halifax to St. John by the Intercolonial route is 276 miles; by the Dominion Atlantic Railway it is 190 miles. The run from Digby across the bay is a special attraction. The noble steamer "Prince Rupert," with superb drawing-rooms, dining-halls, and saloons, ladies' boudoir, spacious smoking-room, and extensive promenade deck, supplies the perfection of fast and luxurious travel. This steamer is of over 3,000 horse-power, and easily attains a speed of 18½ knots, or over 21½ land miles, an hour. She carries 850 passengers, and is a worthy complement to the splendid land service of Pullman Palace Car expresses of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. The run out from Digby Pier and through the sublime pass of "the Gut" has been already described. As the "Prince Rupert" draws clear of the passage a long black wall of rock unrolls to east and west, precipitous, harborless, crested with dark fir-groves, cleft here and there by the white flashing of an aerial cataract. This is the seaward face of North Mountain, grimly denying the pastoral sweetness of the vales and plains behind. As the scene sinks into the mists of the backward horizon the New Brunswick shore rises in front—dark purple broken masses, with a colored smoke marking the position of St. John. On nearer approach Cape Spencer defines itself to the right, Partridge Island to the left, and in the centre a climbing peninsula crowned with roofs and spires. The eastern shore of this peninsula is washed by the wide shallows of Courtenay Bay, the western shore by the deep harbor. Far out—the distance varying according to the state of the tide—a line of foam and floating debris is met.

## The Land of Evangeline

which marks the current of the great St. John River. The wallowing bell-buoy tolls lugubriously in the long surge, sleeplessly pointing out the channel. If the season be late summer or autumn, it is toward sunset when we draw near the city; and superb is the red glow behind the crowded heights and the black tangle of masts. We pass the grey lines of the fish-weirs on Carleton Flats; we pass the curious structure of "the Beacon," like a lofty white steamship coming to meet us in mid-harbor; we pass certain long-hulled, red-and-black freight steamers, engulfing huge piles of yellow deals in the cavernous depths of their holds; and then we draw up to the towering wharf, its top adorned with a fringe of cabmen, who gesticulate to the passengers on deck.

The cab-service of St. John is good enough to justify the noise of the drivers. The fare from wharf or station to any part of the city is 30c. for one person, and 20c. for each additional passenger; all ordinary luggage is carried free. The time charge is 50c. per half-hour. The cabmen are attentive and reliable. The city is further served by an electric street-railway traversing the main streets and running out to the suburb of Indiantown. From St. John steamships run to London, Liverpool, and other European ports; to Grand Manan and St. Andrew's, and up the river to the Kennebecasis, Washademoak, Grand Lake, and Fredericton. The up-river steamers start from the wharves of Indiantown, above the falls. From the "Ferry Slip" at the foot of Princess Street ferry-steamers run across the harbor to Carleton (fare 2c). On Prince William Street, adjoining Princess, stands the Post Office, a handsome freestone building. The railway station, which is a Union station serving both the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific, stands at the other end of town, on Mill Street, in "the Valley." The station of the South Shore Railway, running along the Passamaquoddy shores to St. George and St. Stephen, is in Carleton. The hotels of St. John (see Appendix C) are numerous and comfortable, and range in price from 50c. to \$3 per day. In the matter of clubs St. John is not as well off as Halifax. She possesses but one, the Union, on Germain Street. The chief places of amusement are the new Opera House, on Union Street; the Mechanics' Institute, on Carleton Street; the grounds of the St. John Athletic Club, on the Marsh Road, and of the Shamrock Club,

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THE ENTRANCE TO DIGBY HARBOR.

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## St. John and its Story

on Portland Heights, near Fort Howe; the Skating Rink; the Curling Rinks of the "Thistle" and "St. Andrew's" Clubs; and Moosepath Trotting Park.

St. John possesses a greater diversity and picturesqueness than Halifax. It is impossible to get a perfect view of the city as a whole. At every point she presents a new face. Her hills are so steep and rise in such unexpected places, her valleys are so abrupt and profound, her streets carve their inexorable way through such lofty rock-masses, that the visitor cannot say he has seen the city until he has gone over every corner of it. The general impression is one of austerity and permanence, for the buildings are solid, and the foundations are as the everlasting hills. Memorable views are obtained from Jeffrey's Hill, Mount Pleasant, Fort Howe, and from mid-harbor. The harbor is not as vast as that of Halifax, but it is ample and deep. At the head of the harbor, where the shores draw close together and sweep around to the west at right angles, stands Navy Island as a sentry in mid-channel. The shores in this neighborhood are thick-fringed with shrieking saw-mills, and quaint shanties on stilts, and a bewildering maze of wharves and lumber-yards. An excursion about the upper harbor in a row-boat will repay the lover of the picturesque.

The muse of history has favored St. John, and given her a story as strong, romantic, and impressive as her rock-hills and her mighty river. The harbor was entered by Champlain and De Monts, coming from Port Royal, on St. John's Day, 1604; and the saint under whose auspices they made so fair a discovery was duly honored in the naming of port and river. The spot was then a centre of Micmac influence. Twenty-seven years later Charles La Tour established a settlement and trading-post at the head of the harbor, and carried on a great traffic in furs with the Indians of the interior. His fort, according to the most satisfactory evidence, stood on the eastern shore under Fort Howe Hill, over against Navy Island. La Tour was a firm and wise ruler, loved by his people and respected by the natives. His trusted lieutenant, governing sagaciously in his frequent absences, was his fair wife, Lady La Tour, the most revered and romantic figure in Acadian annals. The fort at the St. John's mouth was the scene of a prosperity that aroused the jealousy of fate. La Tour found a fierce and relentless adversary in d'Aulnay Charnisay, who divided with him the lordship

## The Land of Evangeline

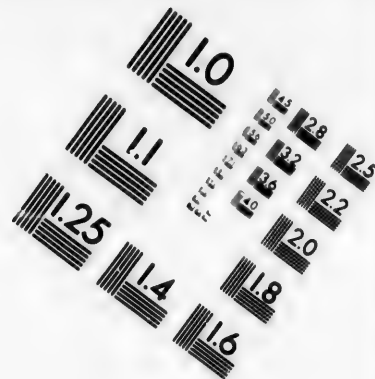
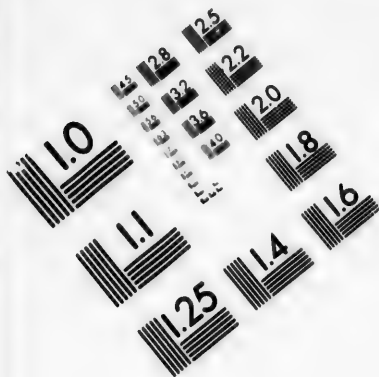
of Acadie. Charnisay had his headquarters at Port Royal. He had strong friends in France, close to the throne; and, having gradually undermined La Tour's influence at court, he obtained an order summoning him to France. La Tour refused to go. Charnisay then got him proclaimed an outlaw, and laid siege to Port Royal. Taken at a disadvantage, La Tour was overmatched except in skill and sagacity. In a small boat, under cover of night, he eluded the blockading ships, gained the decks of a Huguenot vessel which awaited him in the offing, and made his way to Boston. Ignorant of his escape, Charnisay was pursuing the siege, when suddenly La Tour returned with a force of New England allies, fell upon his rear, and drove him with heavy loss back to Port Royal. He would have finished the quarrel then and there; but the New Englanders, having received their pay, suddenly conceived scruples and refused to aid him further. Charnisay bided his time two years, and then, in La Tour's absence, renewed the attack. Lady La Tour fronted him heroically. Thrice he led his troops to the assault, and thrice he was ignominiously repulsed. His ships were so riddled by the guns of the fort that they had to withdraw beyond range and be beached for repairs. But the siege was strait, provisions failed, relief came not. At last a Swiss traitor in the garrison, seduced by bribes, threw open the long-guarded gate. Charnisay and his angry troops rushed in; but even then they met with so deadly a resistance that Charnisay's heart quailed in the hour of triumph. He offered honourable terms of capitulation, which Lady La Tour, to save her devoted followers, accepted. Then came the unspeakable business which has made Charnisay's name a byword. When the garrison had laid down their arms he took the articles of capitulation and tore them to pieces before the lady's eyes; and her followers he hung one by one, while she, with a halter about her neck, was held to witness their fate. The fort was then torn down; and Lady La Tour was carried a prisoner to Port Royal, where, overwhelmed by her husband's ruin and her servants' slaughter, she died of a broken heart. La Tour became a wanderer on the face of the earth. But the wheel of Fortune turned sharply. Charnisay, a few years later, was drowned in his threshold river; whereupon La Tour, the Ulysses of our Acadian story, married Charnisay's widow and was lord of all Acadie. During the next hundred years the St.

## The United Empire Loyalists

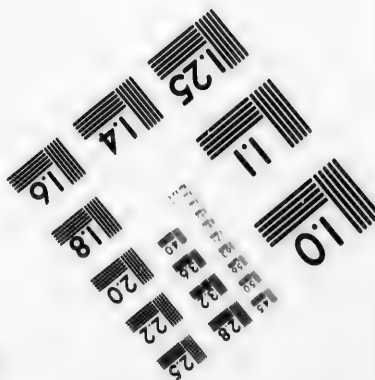
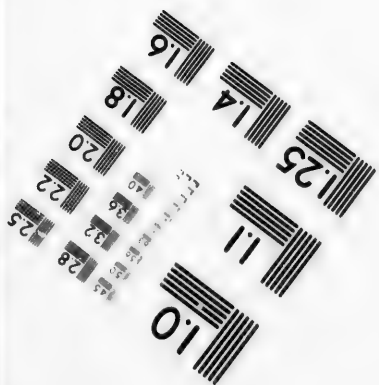
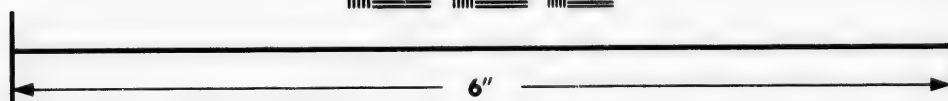
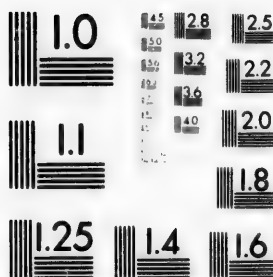
John's mouth saw wild sea-fights between French and English. In 1758 the region was finally captured by England, and Fort Frederick was built to secure the possession. Three or four years later a few New Englanders, under the leadership of Simonds, White, and Peabody, came and established a fishing settlement. During the Revolution Fort Frederick and the surrounding settlements were destroyed by American privateers. Then came the real founding of the city. In 1783 there landed on this rocky strip between the waters 10,000 United Empire Loyalists. The city rose swiftly, like Shelburne; but, unlike Shelburne, it entered upon a great and enduring prosperity. It was called Parrtown, after the Governor of the Province. All New Brunswick was then but the county of Sunbury in the Province of Nova Scotia. The Loyalists, however, speedily obtained a division of the Province, and New Brunswick was born—like Ontario, a birth of loyalty, courage, and Imperial sentiment. The new city became St. John, for Governor Parr had opposed the division, and his name was no longer one to conjure with. The political capital was moved up the river eighty-four miles, to Fredericton; but St. John held and strengthened her position as the commercial capital. The boundless forests of New Brunswick sent their wealth to her mills, and her ships trafficked tirelessly on every sea. New Brunswick marks her escutcheon with a ship, and St. John stands first among the ship-owning ports of Canada.

St. John, the nursling of the waters, has found her chief foe in fire. In 1837 she was scourged pitilessly, and from time to time again in like fashion. But all these burnings have well-nigh faded out of memory since the Great Fire of 1877. This appalling conflagration broke out on June 20. It erased from existence a full third of the city, consumed the ships in the harbor, left 15,000 people homeless, and devoured nearly \$30,000,000. From other parts of Canada, from England, from the neighboring Republic, relief poured in; but St. John had received a blow from which it has not even yet fully recovered. Though rebuilt more solidly and handsomely than before, the city still trembles from the stroke, and her population has not quite regained its old high-water mark—41,353. The census of 1891 gives St. John 39,179, which enables her to rank sixth in size among Canadian cities. Lumber and shipping are the mainstays of St. John; but she does also a large





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## The Land of Evangeline

business in lime from her rocky back hills, and her fishermen reap rich harvests. She has manufactures of cotton and wool, car-works, machine shops, engine works, nail, paper, and leather factories; and a tall grain elevator looms over the Carleton wharves to catch the great current of wheat from the north-west grain fields.

The heart of St. John is King Square, with its fountain in the centre, its radiating walks, its seats for the multitude. There are two monuments on the square—one erected to the memory of a hero of modern days, named J. F. Young, who was drowned in striving to save the life of another; while the more conspicuous memorial rises in honor of the Loyalist Fathers and the City Charter. Back of the square lies the old graveyard, now a sort of antiquarian's park, rich in old trees, old head-stones, curious epitaphs, and names that shine on New Brunswick's roll of worthies. Close by is the City Court-house. From the front of the square descends steeply the wide and handsome thoroughfare of King Street, one of the most effectively situated business streets in Canada. Lined with fine shops and hotels, it sweeps down to the harbor, and ends in the muddy and historic space of Market Slip, where the Loyalists landed. The slip is usually crowded with wood-boats and schooners. The lower end of King Street is Market Square, where the carters congregate. From the foot of the street runs at right angles southward, as far as Reed's Point Wharf, the street which ranks next in importance, Prince William Street. Hereon are banks, Post Office, City Hall, and Custom House; and at 114 is the Office of the Agent of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. Further south, at the seaward point of the peninsula, are the spacious parade grounds, with the Exhibition Building in their midst. From the Exhibition Building the important thoroughfare of Charlotte Street leads back to the head of King Street, passing Queen Square on the way. Some of the handsomest dwellings in St. John are on or in the neighborhood of Queen Square, chief among them being the massive residence of Mr. Simeon Jones, its outlines full of noble simplicity and repose. On the north, or upper, side of Queen Square stands a noticeable church belonging to the Methodists. In the district south-east of Queen Square are several buildings worthy of mention—the Wiggins Male Orphan Asylum, on St. James Street; the churches of St. John the Baptist and St. James, on Broad Street;

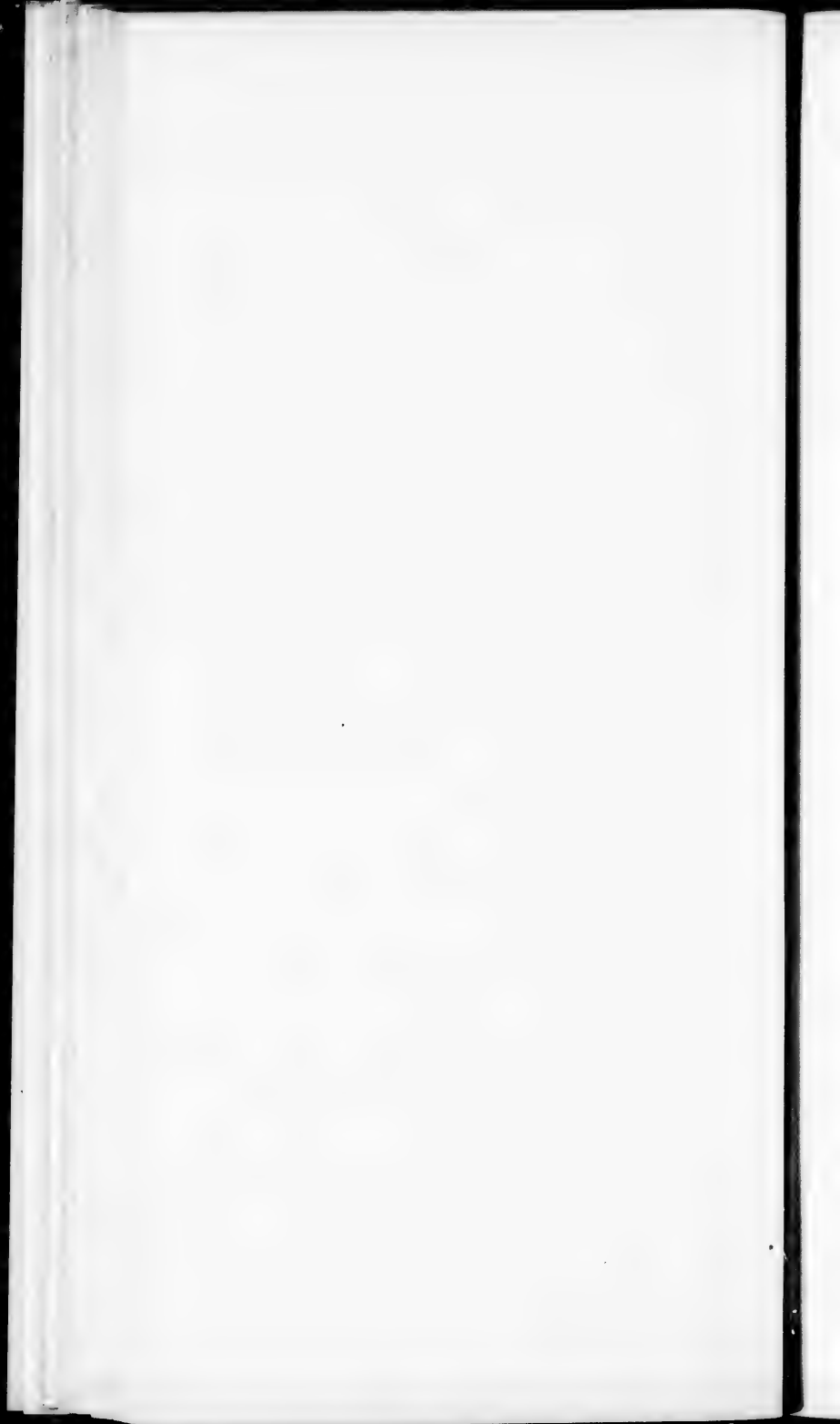
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ST. JOHN, N.B.



## St. John's Buildings

and the Marine Hospital, on Wentworth. Continuing north along Wentworth Street to the corner of Princess, the fine Centenary Methodist Church is reached. Thence it is well to walk westward to Sidney, turn south along Sidney, passing St. David's Church and the Victoria Girls' High School, then west again by Duke Street to Germain. Germain Street runs between Prince William and Charlotte. It is a street of fine buildings and impressive effects. At its lower end is a handsome Baptist church. It passes the beautiful grey pile of Trinity Church, seated high off the street. Trinity is built on the site of Old Trinity, the church erected by the Loyalist Fathers in 1788 and burned in the Great Fire. In the soaring spire is a fine peal of bells. There is some good stained glass in the windows; and the connection between old and new is emphasized romantically by a venerable royal coat-of-arms, carved in wood, occupying a prominent position at the west end of the church. This coat-of-arms was brought by the Loyalists from the Town Hall of Boston when the Royal troops evacuated the capital of New England. Germain Street dips gracefully to cross King Street, then climbs a long hill, and is closed picturesquely by the "Old Stone Church."

Exploring north of King Street, one should go through the old graveyard, and follow out Waterloo to the majestic Roman Catholic Cathedral on the corner of Cliff Street. This is a fine Gothic structure of marble and dark sandstone, with a lofty spire, and contains some stained glass windows of really notable excellence. The building is 200 feet long, and the spacious transepts have a spread of 110 feet. On one side of the cathedral stand the Bishop's Palace and the Orphan Asylum; on the other side is the Convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Further along Waterloo Street a short thoroughfare called White Street climbs a commanding height, which is crowned by the City Hospital. The hospital reminds one of an ancient hill-perched castle of some noble baron, and its windows have a superb view. Beyond White Street Waterloo runs into the March Road, at the head of Courtenay Bay.

The explorer may well turn west at the hospital, and, continuing along the height to the head of Jeffrey's Hill, descend thence into the valley. This deep and wide ravine of old divided St. John from the separate municipi-

## The Land of Evangeline

pality of Portland. A bridge crosses the tracks of the Intercolonial, and then another hill leads past St. Paul's, familiarly known as the "Valley Church." Passing St. Paul's, and still climbing, one reaches Mount Pleasant with its conspicuous building known as Reed's Tower, and its Convent of the Sacred Heart, the seat of a flourishing girls' school. The Mother Superior of the convent is exceedingly courteous in the matter of admitting strangers to see the view from the roof. From the convent one should follow west along Fort Howe Road to Fort Howe Hill, with its grimly naked rocks, its warlike ruins, and its magnificently varied views. Here is "Jenny's Spring," where Cobbett, then a soldier in the Royal Infantry, met and fell in love with the girl he afterwards made his wife. A little beyond Fort Howe is Indiantown, a little milling town, the terminus of the river steamers. Above Indiantown are the Narrows, a wild defile of high limestone cliffs, through which the St. John has chiseled its way for a distance of three miles. Indiantown is most easily reached by the street railway from Market Square, which takes one through Main Street of the old city of Portland.

By a pleasant drive out the Douglas Road one reaches the Falls. This cataract is unique among waterfalls, in that it is reversible. Go thither, and you see the water falling madly in one direction. Go again, and it is falling in the other direction. Go yet again, and there is no fall whatever, but on a placid current little boats are floating through the deep and ragged gorge. The explanation of the bewildering phenomenon is this : The great River St. John, 450 miles in length, draining large sections of New Brunswick, Quebec, and Maine, and in one portion of its course not less than five miles in width, is here forced through a rent chasm only 150 yards wide. The bottom of the chasm is crossed by a ridge of hard rock. When the tide is out of the harbor the river tumbles in roaring fury over this barrier. As the tide comes in it gradually dams back the descending flood, till for a short time at half-tide there is quiet, and the boats pass through either way. Then old Fundy prevails, and the gathering volume in the harbor falls *up stream*. The gorge is spanned by a fine suspension bridge for general traffic, and a splendid new railway bridge on the cantilever principle. From these bridges is obtained the best view of the appalling tumult which goes on one hundred feet below. It is

## The Drives about St. John

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exciting to see a raft go through when the time of stillness has passed and the falls are waking into life. Above and below are terrible whirlpools, appearing and vanishing, and great surges are shot up suddenly as if from an exploding mine. There is a tradition that the river has some subterranean passages from this spot connecting with the outer sea, for bodies of men drowned here are never, they say, recovered.

From the Suspension Bridge one may well drive on to visit the lunatic asylum, where the patients conduct a weekly newspaper, whose editors, like those of some other journals, are discharged when they relapse into sanity. By this device the policy of the paper is kept uniform. Thence the road leads into Carleton, where there is an interesting old Martello tower, about three-quarters of a mile from the asylum.

Carleton is not beautiful, but it is peculiar, and the town affords a fine view of St. John across the harbor. In the outskirts is the popular bathing and summer resort of the Bay Shore. The return to St. John should be by the Carleton Ferry to the foot of Princess Street.

Of the drives about St. John, perhaps the most popular is that already described—over the Suspension Bridge and back through Carleton. Beyond the Suspension Bridge the Mahogany Road, so-called, leads to Fairville and Spruce Lake, and affords some fine views. The name is a corruption of the Indian word Manawagonish—a change which is well paralleled by the crisp condensation of the River Quah-tah-wah-am-quah-davic into the Tom Kedgwick. Another and much shorter drive is out Mount Pleasant Avenue to Lily Lake, which is soon to be made the centre of a park and public pleasure-ground. The Marsh Road, already alluded to as beginning at the end of Waterloo Street, is a favorite driving resort, and leads past the Moosepath Trotting Park to Rothesay and the beautiful Kennebecasis, seven miles distant. From the Marsh Road diverges on the right the road to Loch Lomond, nine miles from St. John, where there is an alluring combination of fishing, shooting, boating, and scenery. The hotel at the lake is much patronised by visitors from the city. Before reaching Loch Lomond one passes a quaint, homelike little inn called Treadwell's, where scene and air invite a pause.

But best of all excursions to be taken from St. John, excepting, of course, those to the Land of Evangeline.



## **The Land of Evangeline**

is that by steamer up the splendid river to the little elm-shadowed Provincial capital, the beautiful city of Fredericton. Fredericton, however, is a star which swims outside the orbit of this book.

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*To face page 62.*

A LAND OF LAKE, WOOD, AND HILL.



## The Country of the La Have

### CHAPTER X

#### MIDDLETON TO THE ATLANTIC BY THE CENTRAL RAILWAY—THE BEAUTIFUL LA HAVE—BRIDGEWATER— LUNENBURG



THE Central Railway branches from the Dominion Atlantic at Middleton, and runs across the centre of the Province to Bridgewater, Mahone Bay, and Lunenburg, traversing or tapping some of the richest hunting and fishing regions of the whole peninsula. Four miles from Middleton the train reaches Nictaux, an ancient village at the foot of South Mountain. Through the village foams the wild Nictaux River, which tumbles over a picturesque fall, and then rushes into the Annapolis just behind Middleton.

From Nictaux the railway follows up the river-gorge through South Mountain to the high plateau of the interior. Several stations are passed, mere heaps of yellow fresh-sawed deals, crowded about a white-washed saw-mill beside a wilderness pond. Lumber is king of this interior country. Near the station of Dalhousie (twenty-two miles from Middleton), which serves a long-settled district, the track crosses the old military road once used for the transportation of troops between Halifax and Annapolis. At Springfield the line follows the shore of a long winding lake (it is useless to try and remember the names of all the lakes, lovely though they be, one passes in the interior), and thereafter the waters are found flowing toward the Atlantic. Then comes Cherryfield, a small settlement, and then New Germany, the most important stopping-place between Middleton and Bridgewater. New Germany is a picturesque village among tumbling hills, beside the banks of the beautiful La Have River. The country about is well peopled, and the village from its location is sometimes known as Centreville. The La Have is one of the largest, as well as loveliest, rivers of Nova Scotia. Taking its rise in the maze of the mid-

## The Land of Evangeline

land lakes, among the moose, bears, trout, and gold-mines, it flows south-eastward a distance of sixty miles before reaching the Atlantic. From New Germany down the river to Bridgewater, a distance of about sixteen miles, landscapes of ceaseless enchantment delight the traveler.

After leaving New Germany, the train passes Riversdale and Northfield, and runs into the handsome station of Bridgewater. Bridgewater is a busy lumbering, milling, and shipping town on the La Have, thirteen miles from the mouth. It is built along the steep western bank, street rising above street like a succession of terraces; and the fame of its summer beauty goes far abroad. At the head of the town the river is filled from bank to bank with great saw-mills, which add to the picturesqueness instead of diminishing it. Fishways are provided for the sea-trout and salmon which make the La Have their haunt, and within the very outskirts of the town is a famous salmon-pool, which draws knowing anglers every season all the way from Halifax. The view from the bridge below the mills, looking down the river, is full of romance. The stream is narrow, but deep, and here and there lies a large ocean bark, her spars almost leaning against the high purple hills that fence the valley. Below the town the houses creep along between the hill-foot and the river. A curve of the hills, far down, closes the vista, and piques one to explore beyond.

The trip from Bridgewater by steamer down to the mouth, to Ironbound Isle and the surfy point of Cape Enragé, forms a most interesting and fascinating side-trip. The beauty of the scenery is enriched by memories of the French days. The shores of the La Have early drew the eyes of French colonists, and were made the centre of a great fishing industry. Here Isaac de Razilly, Knight Commander of St. John of Jerusalem, and most chivalrous of trading colonizers, planted his post and built up prosperity for his people; and here, in 1637, to the irreparable loss of Acadie, he died while yet in his prime. A portion of his authority and property passed over to d'Aulnay Charnisay, who transferred the settlers to his own colony at Port Royal; and soon afterwards broke out the ruinous civil strife between Charnisay and La Tour which has been already described. In later days the La Have mouth again attracted colonists, and its fort was the scene of fierce struggles between the Lion and the Lily. Bridgewater

## Captain Kidd

has a population of something less than 2,000. She is the seat of extending business activity, and is full of sanguine energy. Her most important hotel is a comfortable house, very rightly named the Fairview. And no other town in Nova Scotia offers *quite* so many and so alluring attractions to the lover of gun and rod.

From Bridgewater the railway strikes eastward from the river and crosses to the head of Mahone Bay. Here is the busy fishing and shipping town of Mahone, eleven miles from Bridgewater. The bay offers every facility for sea-fishing, bathing, and boating. Its green and sheltered expanse is studded with a hundred gem-like islands, some large enough to hold several smiling Dutch farms, some so small as to be pleasantly filled up by a single picnic or yachting party. One island, Great Tancook, has 500 inhabitants all to itself. A delightful sail takes the visitor around the bay to Chester, sixteen miles.

Chester is a fair watering-place, much loved in summer by Halifaxians. It is a fruitful region, all of it, for the summer wanderer. Mount Aspotogan, behind Chester,

a post of observation from which to spy out the land. Gold River is full of salmon and great shining-bellied sea-trout. Among the countless islands is one which is said to have been the special object of Captain Kidd's favor. On Oak Island the great pirate is supposed to have had his chief treasure-vaults. Referring to this the present writer says in another work—"Treasure-seekers, sinking pits on the island, have found a host of mysteries, but no money. Shafts have been dug of great depth, through layers of cut stone and hewn timbers, strange grasses from the tropics, charcoal, putty, and carefully jointed planks. Much capital has been sunk in the effort either to find the treasure or to solve the mystery of these underground works; but at length the toilers came upon great stone drains communicating with the sea, which admitted such floods of water that their pumps could not cope with it; and the diggings were abandoned."

There are many sane men in the Province, however, who believe there is great treasure, either in gold or in knowledge, hidden under the green bosom of Oak Island. An interesting story of Mahone Bay is that of the "Young Teaser," an American privateer, which during the war of 1812-13 did much damage on the Nova Scotian coasts. A British war-ship chased the privateer to the head of this bay, where she made a

## The Land of Evangeline

heroic fight. At the last moment, when she was about to surrender, an English deserter among her crew fired the powder-magazine, choosing rather to sacrifice his comrades than meet the punishment which would fall to his lot if captured. Among the islands, and in the transparent beryl waters of Mahone Bay, it may be said in passing, is an excellent field for the pastime of lobster-spearing, in which so few visitors have yet learned to indulge.

From the village of Mahone Bay a run of seven miles down the peninsula leads to the rich and growing town of Lunenburg, sometimes called, from its great fisheries, the Gloucester of Nova Scotia. Lunenburg is a quaint, rich, dingy town, lovely in situation, but not remarkably lovely in structure. Its fish and its West Indian trade are thrusting it rapidly forward. In 1881 its population was but 1,700. In 1891 it had risen to 4,044, an increase of over 131 per cent. in the ten years. Built on a steep slope, with water on three sides of it, the town offers great opportunities, and will doubtless some day be made one of the fairest in the Province. The Indian name for the spot where Lunenburg stands is Aseedik, or "Clamland." The beautiful harbor over which she so industriously presides is called in the Micmac Malagash, or "the Milky," from the tender whiteness of its surf.

Lunenburg, town and country alike, is of German origin. Those German settlers who were sent out to Halifax just after the foundation of the city were presently removed to Lunenburg. The town started into existence in 1753. A number of Swiss Huguenots afterwards threw in their lot with the infant settlement; but the German influence remained dominant, and German customs, language, names, and types still give their distinctive flavor to the whole region. The settlement in its early days suffered much from Indian and French hostility. In its very birth it became the scene of a serious riot, which had its origin in a malicious report that the Government at Halifax was withholding supplies sent out from England for the support of the people. The rising quelled, which was done with gentle firmness, Lunenburg settled down into a slow prosperity. For sixty years after its establishment such a thing as a carriage was unknown. For several generations the masses of the colonists were shod with wooden clogs, which they whittled laboriously out of blocks of seasoned birch. Their cart-wheels were

## "The Ovens"

sections of hard-wood sawn thinly from large logs, and their spoons were frequently nothing more than big clam-shells. But from such quiet beginnings has grown a wealth of enviable solidity. The best hotel of the town is "King's"—a quaint, old-fashioned, and very comfortable place. The climate is delightful in summer.

On the peninsula jutting out between Lunenburg harbor and the La Have mouth—known as the Ovens Peninsula—is situated the "lion" of Lunenburg. This is a series of caves called "the Ovens." The ceaseless washing of the surf has bored deep tunnels in the face of the cliffs along the western side of the harbor. When wind and tide set in upon the coast the sea roars terrifically in the yawning jaws of these caverns. It is not surprising that the phenomenon should act powerfully on the imaginations of local lovers of the marvelous—and various strange traditions have resulted. The most audacious of these tales tells how an Indian in his canoe was once sucked headlong into the largest cavern—to reappear at length among the Isles of Tusket, none the worse for his sojourn in the nether regions. The tradition is sadly lacking in details, which is much to be regretted, as they could not have been otherwise than interesting. Some visitors, however, will be more interested in "the Ovens," from the fact that they were once the scene of rich gold-washings. The supply of gold has long been practically exhausted, but a few specks of the seductive metal will still reward one's search. A somewhat striking peculiarity of the Lunenburg region is the fact that here the best farms are often found crowning the hill-tops, while the valleys are left vacant. The fertile soil is usually on the heights, the valleys often being rocky and unproductive.



## The Land of Evangeline

### CHAPTER XI

#### FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WESTERN NOVA SCOTIA



GENERALLY speaking, all sportsmen's supplies may be purchased to the very best advantage in Yarmouth, St. John, or Halifax. The guns and rifles of the best English makers are much cheaper here than in American cities, owing to the lower duties. The best American rods, I know from experience, leave nothing to be desired; but it would be hard to find better rods of moderate price than those made by Scribner or Bailey, of St. John. A fairly heavy Scribner combination, of greenheart with lancewood tips, is as good an all-round rod for Nova Scotia or New Brunswick waters as any that I have ever used, and, while handy enough for trout, will serve to kill the liveliest salmon. It is best to get flies in Nova Scotia, where the local requirements are well-known; for the Bluenoses are keen and cunning sportsmen. In Halifax all anglers' supplies may safely be purchased at Sarre's. Unless otherwise specified, Nova Scotia trout-waters are at their best in May and June, especially about the 24th of May; and it is generally held in the Provinces that Her Most Gracious Majesty arranged to have her birthday on that date as a special favour to our fishermen. All rightly constituted Bluenoses go a-fishing on the Queen's birthday. The main spring run of the salmon is, as a rule, early in May. Then late in June and through July—on the heels, so to speak, of the salmon—come the sea-trout, great, lusty, silver-and-vermilion fellows, full of game, who may be taken both in the salt and the fresh water. There is usually fair trout-fishing, in most waters, in September; and some time in the same month takes place the fall run of sea-trout, less abundant, reliable, and continuous than the summer run. The slack month *par excellence* for fly-fishing is August.

The season for hunting moose and caribou is autumn

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A VIEW OF YARMOUTH.

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## The Chief Sporting Districts

and early winter. Autumn is the time for "calling"; in winter the animals are tracked. Ducks and geese are shot in March; and there is good duck-shooting also in August, September, and October. Woodcock, snipe, partridge, grouse, and plover are shot in autumn, when the morning air begins to nip and the leaves change colour. Cock and snipe shooting begins September 1, but partridge are protected till September 15. Persons not domiciled in Nova Scotia require to take out a licence before shooting game within the limits of the Province. (See Appendix B.)

The chief sporting districts of Nova Scotia may be broadly classified as follows: The Tusket region, accessible from Yarmouth or Weymouth; the Annapolis region; the Gaspereau region, accessible from Kentville and Wolfville; the Cumberland region, accessible by way of Kingsport and Parrsboro; the Halifax region, north and east; the Liverpool region, accessible from Bridgewater on one side or from Annapolis on the other. This is a loose grouping, and must be allowed a liberal degree of elasticity. Even so, many good detached spots are left out, which will be referred to here and there in passing. There is also the superb Cape Breton district, which lies outside the purview of this Guide, but to the borders of which, nevertheless, the Dominion Atlantic Railway affords the most expeditious and comfortable highway.

At Yarmouth, the sportsman who intends doing the Tusket region should make inquiries of local authorities before deciding just what portion of the district to try. The fish and game vary somewhat in their preferences each year; and in a cold season one district has the advantage, in a warm season another. The manager of the Yarmouth Grand Hotel will be found ready and able to furnish all information. Tusket Forks, Kempt, and Carleton, reached by stage from Yarmouth, are the best centres from which to work for trout and salmon, moose, and partridge. Ducks haunt all the lakes in autumn. Snipe and plover frequent the open country by the sea. At Tusket Forks reliable guides will be found in Cyril Fraughton and Mickel Doucette, who will charge \$1.50 a day for their services and 50c. a day for their boats. In Kempt the best-known guides are Charles Reeves, Ezra Grey, and John Forbes. The wages above quoted apply very generally throughout the western portion of the province.

The best moose-grounds of this district lie in the

## The Land of Evangeline

Interior, back of Kempt. Carleton is a very pleasant centre for fishermen, and may be reached (if one does not like the long drive from Yarmouth) by a short drive from Brazil Lake station, on the Dominion Atlantic. Inquire at the mills for Mr. Crosby, who will drive you six miles through the woods, past deep amber streams that will set your wrist a-tingle, and land you in pretty little Carleton at Durkee's cozy hotel.

The time for fishing at Carleton is in May and June, though a few trout may be got in July and September. Mr. Durkee, of the hotel, and a Mr. Crosby, who owns one of the Carleton saw-mills (the whole neighborhood is full of Crosbys and saw-mills), will act as guides or find competent substitutes. The hotel is comfortable, and extremely moderate in its charges. The region is full of partridges. The fisherman who likes to explore by himself can find no better region than this, where swarm little nameless lakes of fairy-like beauty, and in nine cases out of ten full of trout. The tenth case is just enough to lend piquancy to the search.

Along the Atlantic coast, some distance east from Yarmouth, are the Clyde and Roseway rivers, abounding in both salmon and trout. These waters are best explored from Shelburne, and will immensely repay the exploration. They ought to prove dangerous rivals to streams now much more famous.

From Weymouth, one may reach by driving the very head-waters of the Tusket system, and descend in a canoe to the mouth, traversing fine scenery and rich hunting-grounds all the way.

For the trout-fishing and the deep-sea fishing around Digby, and the moose-hunting on Digby Neck, the proprietors of the local hotels will supply all necessary information. There is some bass-fishing in the neighborhood during July and August.

The Annapolis region affords some rather uncertain salmon-fishing in May and June, in the Lequille stream, one mile and a half from Annapolis; in the Round Hill River, and at times in the main Annapolis River. No guides are needed for these waters, and all necessary information can be procured from Mr. Wm. Bailey, the fishwarden at Round Hill. In trout this district is very rich, but one must take longish drives to get them. Fifteen miles by coach from Annapolis carries the fisherman to one of the head-waters of the Liverpool lake-system at Milford. Here is magnificent trout-fishing; and here, too, is a snug inn, the Milford

## Moose-Regions

House, whose proprietor, Adelbert Thomas, is a good guide. Another guide to this neighborhood is Israel Munro. They charge \$2 a day. A drive of thirty miles from Annapolis lands one at Maitland (Nova Scotia is thick with Maitlands), on another source of the Liverpool system. A fine canoe trip may be taken by running down these lakes and streams, across great Lake Rossignol, and thence down the main Liverpool River to the Atlantic. Not far from Maitland is another Kempt (*not* the Yarmouth Kempt), where dwells a good guide by the name of David Freeman. Around Maitland are fine moose-grounds. Thomas Cannon, of Grafton, is a competent guide for the moose-hunting.

Another fair moose-region lies back of Bear River, about sixteen miles from Annapolis. A good guide to this neighborhood is an Indian of Bear River, by name James Muise. Ducks are abundant along the river and basin of Annapolis in spring and fall; and in spring there are a few geese. Along the fringes of both North and South Mountain are cock, snipe, and partridge; and drives of eight miles to Perotte, or twelve miles to Dalhousie, will place one in a country where birds are abundant and little hunted. Men living in the settlements will act as guides for a small compensation.

From the stations of Bridgetown, Lawrencetown, and Middleton there are lakes and streams well stocked with trout, to be reached by driving. The fish take the fly freely in May and June, and guides may generally be got for \$1 a day, not including horse-hire. At Middleton the Nictaux River, already referred to, affords good fishing at times.

At Kentville and Wolfville one is in the centre of good trout-fishing. This may be called the Gaspereau region. In the Gaspereau itself are several excellent salmon-pools, where some fine fish are killed in May. Sea-trout run up the Canard and Cornwallis rivers in June and July. But brook-trout are the main stand-by, and are killed with fly or minnow in the rivers and lakes through May and June. There is fishing in July, and also in September, but it is more capricious than in the spring months. The best sport is to be got by driving from Kentville to the foot of the big Gaspereau Lake, hiring a boat there, and pushing up through the chain of lakes. The fish are generally in the runs or 'thoroughfares' between the lakes. At the head of the last lake is a long stretch of narrow, winding dead-

## The Land of Evangeline

water, running through swamps. Here the fish are large and numerous; but they are of a dark purple hue that prejudices one against them. In the neighboring streams of Brandy Wine, Salmon Tail, and North River they are brighter and more active. There is cock and partridge shooting within easy reach of Kentville; and ducks frequent all the Minas shores. If one wants bears, he will find them by driving from Kentville to New Ross, and there making his headquarters.

The Cumberland district affords some of the best moose-hunting of the Province. A competent guide is Wm. Welsh, of Parrsboro. The Hoods (address Athol, Cumberland Co.) are excellent Indian guides. One must pay them \$2 a day, and find their provisions in camp. Parrsboro is the centre to work from. The best moose-grounds are in the mountainous peninsula running westward from Parrsboro, and washed by Minas Channel and Chignecto Bay. The most successful hunting in this section is down about the head-waters of Sand River and Apple River. In the plains of the Five Islands district, some fifteen miles east of Parrsboro, one may frequently get a caribou. There are no snipe to speak of, and no geese; but partridge and cock are numerous, and there are some ducks along the rivers. The short mountain streams of this western end of Cumberland county have a good run of salmon in May and June, with sea-trout in July, and innumerable brook-trout all through the spring and summer. These brook-trout (the true *Salmo fontinalis*, whether found in lake or river) are large and very game. The most accessible streams are Moose River and Bass River, between Parrsboro and Five Islands. They abound in the most fascinating pools and foaming purple eddies. The falls of Moose River have a total height of 120 feet, and the ample pool at the foot of the last great plunge is a haunt of both trout and salmon.

Windsor is not noted as a fishing and shooting centre; but there are some good cock covers and partridge woods in the vicinity. A small salmon may now and then be killed in the Avon, and within easy reach are the fine trout waters of the Armstrong Lakes, the Ponhook Lakes, and Stillwater. May and the early half of June are essentially the season for these waters. The trout run large, but the fishing is rather capricious. Stillwater is reached by the Dominion Atlantic from Windsor, Armstrong Lakes by driving out Chester Road as far as Murphy's, and then striking back through

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BEAR RIVER.

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## The Halifax District

the woods a mile or two. Old Mr. Murphy himself is a competent guide to this neighborhood. The Ponhook Lakes are the source of the St. Croix River, which joins the Avon at Windsor. One must drive from town about eight miles to the lower lake, and ascend the chain by boat or canoe. The scenery about Owl's Head, on the Great Ponhook, is very beautiful; and the trout are abundant and large. But in the heat of summer the fish betake themselves to some withdrawn retreat, where Windsor fishermen have so far failed to find them.

The Halifax district falls naturally into three divisions: the country along the coast *eastward*; the country along the coast *westward*, to Chester and Gold River; and the country *northward*. Of these the western division is best for salmon. Indian River is twenty-one miles from Halifax, and Ingram River is twenty-five miles. One should put up at the Prince of Wales's Hotel (Margaret's Bay)—a charming, comfortable, old-fashioned country inn. The proprietor is a Mr. Mason, and he and his sons are the most satisfactory of guides. Passing a little further west, from Margaret's Bay to Chester Bay, one reaches Gold River, famous both for salmon and trout. Some sea-trout run up all these streams. The best brook-trout fishing is in the lakes and their feeders. Indian Lake (about eight miles from Halifax, on the Prospect Road), Peter's Lake, Dick's Lake, Spruce Hill Lake, are good all through the spring and summer. One may put up at Josh Umlah's, on the Prospect Road, and find in the landlord an active and competent guide to all the surrounding waters. Nine-Mile River, in this neighborhood, affords fine trout-fishing in May and June, with sea-trout in July. Mud Lake, in spite of its unpromising name, is a good water for large trout.

A run of twenty miles out from Halifax brings one to the little station of Wellington, at the head of Grand Lake. Here one may put up at King's and fish in the immediate neighborhood. A short walk back from the lake takes one to the swarming trout-waters of Beaver Bank. At the mouths of the brooks—Rocky Brook, for instance—flowing into the lake on all sides, the large trout especially congregate. Grand Lake is famous for a splendid game fish called locally the "grayling." It is a kind of land-locked salmon, and runs up to six or seven pounds in weight. It fights savagely, leaping clear of the water like a salmon or ouananiche—which latter it much resembles. It is taken with fly or minnow.

## The Land of Evangeline

If one seeks grayling one should get off the train at Enfield, at the lower end of the lake, for the best fishing is in the somewhat heavy water of the outlet—or, as summer progresses, in the pools. To this district belongs Spider Lake, near the Waverley gold mines. Partridge are abundant in the woods about Grand Lake.

The eastern division of the Halifax region is the best for everything but salmon. Salmon there are sometimes in great abundance, in Salmon River, the Musquodoboit, at Tangier, and in nearly all the Guysboro county rivers; but the fishing is more capricious than in waters to the westward of the city. This district is above all the region of sea-trout. Take the map, and follow the coast east from Halifax all the way through Guysboro to the Strait of Canso. The shore is a very lace-work of river-estuaries, and every river has lakes at its head. All these lakes and all these rivers, at least in their upper courses, and sometimes to the very mouths, swarm with trout—best taken with the fly in May and June, but affording fair sport throughout the summer.

In their lower courses, and in the salt water of the estuaries, throng the sea-trout, bold feeders and full of fight. In June, July, and September they may be taken, but July is best. In the fresh water they rise freely to the fly, but in tide-water the minnow is more killing. At Cole Harbor and Lawrencetown they come in to the aboiteaux in great numbers. In Musquodoboit Harbor and Clam Harbor it is exciting work casting for them in the channels between the flats at low tide. These are mere instances; but almost all the streams along the coast will well reward the fisherman, and coach-road and inns are good all the way to Canso. It is a pleasant drive also up the Musquodoboit from the mouth to near the head-waters, with good fishing and good lodgings at many points along the way—as at Crawford's, at Middle Musquodoboit, and at Upper Musquodoboit.

There are some moose in the interior of Halifax county east, and also in Guysboro. Excellent cock-covers are to be found close to Halifax, at Hammond's Plains, and Preston; also about Waverley, along the old Guysboro Road, and at Porter's Lake. Snipe are abundant about Preston, Cole Harbor, Lawrencetown, and Chezzetcook. Golden and silver plover frequent the harbors, and are particularly abundant about Musquodoboit, Clam Harbor, and the river mouths further east. The best guides are usually the proprietors of the

## The Liverpool Region

village inns. For both guides and lodgings one should seek Macdonald's at Lawrencetown, John Smith's at Chezzetcook, Innis's at Porter's Lake, Kidd's at Musquodoboit, and Stoddart's at Clam Harbor.

The Bridgewater and Liverpool region is richest of all as far as fishing and large game are concerned. It has partridges in abundance, and some ducks about the lakes and along shore; but as regards snipe and cock it need hardly be considered. Salmon, trout, and moose are its specialties. The moose shift hither and thither each year, and each season's favorite feeding-ground should be ascertained, together with the names of suitable guides to each locality. These guides will charge \$2 a day. In general it may be said that good moose grounds lie along the central sections of the railway, and that other favorite haunts of these noble animals are to be reached by drives of from twenty-five to fifty miles from Bridgewater.

The salmon-fishing in the La Have and the Port Medway River begins in February and lasts until July. The very best pool on the La Have is at Bridgewater, within three-quarters of a mile of the Fairview Hotel. Indian guides with boats can be hired in the town at \$2 a day. During the spring of '94 a single rod in one week killed twelve fine salmon in the Bridgewater pool. Eighteen miles from Bridgewater is Mill Village, on the Port Medway—perhaps the king of Nova Scotia fishing-waters. A daily coach runs to Mill Village, and livery teams from Bridgewater will put one over for \$3. About 20,000 pounds of salmon were shipped from Mill Village in the season of '94. One may fish here alone, or employ guides at about \$1 a day. There is a comfortable hotel. Sixteen miles up the Port Medway from Mill Village is Greenfield. The fishing is superb all the way between the two points. At Greenfield there is good hotel accommodation. One may fish either from boats or from the shore, alone or with guides; and guides are both cheap and numerous. The best salmon-fishing here is from mid-May to mid-July. Trout-fishing is superb on the Port Medway from the 1st of April all through the summer and early autumn. Greenfield is, perhaps, the best centre for it. From Bridgewater direct to Greenfield is a drive of twenty-one miles, for which the Bridgewater livery carriages will charge one \$4.

From New Germany a drive of ten miles will take the fisherman to Nine-Mile Lake, a richly-stocked trout-

## The Land of Evangeline

water, where the fish run to a great weight ; they sometimes reach seven pounds. Other magnificent waters, each rivalling its fellow in the number and size of its trout, are Black Rattle, sixteen miles from Bridgewater, Wild Cat River (twenty-four miles), Murray's Brook (twenty-six miles), and Indian Gardens (thirty-three miles). These are only a few of the attractive and accessible waters. A stage drive of twenty-eight miles from Bridgewater will take the visitor to Liverpool, where the whole Liverpool system (already spoken of as reached from Annapolis) lies open before him, with its salmon, trout, and moose. A fascinating round trip may be made by starting from Annapolis, descending the Liverpool lakes and river in canoe to Liverpool, driving across from Liverpool to Bridgewater, and taking in by the way the waters just described, returning to Middleton by the Central Railway.

To avoid disappointments, the sportsman who intends fishing or shooting in Nova Scotia should familiarize himself with the game laws of the Province, as given in Appendix B. Needless to say, a land so largely made up of water as is Nova Scotia is a paradise for the devotee of canoeing. This is the realm of gun, rod, and paddle.

## Fishing Waters

### APPENDIX A

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#### *FISHING WATERS ALONG THE LINE OF THE DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY AND ITS BRANCHES*

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**Yarmouth.** Salmon river, Tusket river, Argyle river, Tusket lake, from ten to fifteen miles distant; Tusket river best; trout and salmon; trout most numerous; bait used, worm and minnow in early spring, fly after middle of May; May and June for stream fishing, July and August for the lakes; hotels, \$1.50 per day; private houses, \$1 per day; livery, \$2 to \$2.50 per day; guide with boat, \$1.75 per day.

For a trip to occupy from one week to ten days, take the coach at Yarmouth for Rockingham on the Tusket river, distant about twenty-eight miles; employ a guide and boat; boat will carry three persons; run the river down to Tusket village, distant thirty miles, and return to Yarmouth, ten miles, by coach or private team.

In camp equipment a tent will be required.

**Hectanooga.** Hectanooga lake, quarter mile; Farish lake, quarter mile; Boney's brook, half mile; Deans brook, half mile, and several others within easy distance, all good; trout, perch, and eels; trout plentiful; baits, worms and flies; May, June, and July; accommodations at private houses fair, and charges reasonable; guides from \$1 to \$1.25 per day; boats may be obtained for a small charge.

**Meteghan.** Oak lake, Salmon river, distant thirteen miles; Oak lake best; trout and perch, trout most numerous; usual lures; April and May; hotels, \$1 per day; livery, \$2 per day; guides reasonable.

**Weymouth.** Sissiboo river, Silver river, Barrio river, and Tusket river; Uniacke lake, Tom Wallace lake, Grand lake; distance from six to fifteen miles, reached by teams; Silver and Barrio best; trout, perch, eels, and salmon; trout and eels most numerous; bait used, flies, worms and fresh herring; May

## The Land of Evangeline

and June; hotels, \$1.50 per day, agreement per week; guides, \$1.50 per day, and cost of team to fishing waters and return, \$2. If sportsmen desire to remain out over night good camps will be found in the vicinity of the fishing waters.

**Digby.** Salmon river, Meteghan river, Silver river, Sissiboo river, Bear river, Moose river, Annapolis river; Lake George, Lake Annis, Salmon River lake, Porters lake, and Bear River lake, are all within reasonable distance of the railroad; Salmon river and lakes best; trout, perch, and eels; trout are the most numerous; flies, usual bait; May and June; hotels from \$1.50 to \$2 per day, or per week by agreement; guides from \$1 to \$1.50, and canoes at 30c. per day can be readily obtained; livery, \$2 to \$2.50 per day.

**Bear River.** Big lake, Long lake, South Still Water on East Branch, Lake Jolly, Lake Le Merchant on West Branch, distance five miles to village and from five to twenty on the lakes; all good; trout plentiful; May, June, and July; bait used, worms and flies; hotels and private accommodations, fair and reasonable; guides with canoe, \$1.50 to \$2 per day; livery, reasonable.

**Clementsport.** Moose river, one mile; Power Lot brook, one and a half miles; Beeler lake, ten miles; Flanders brook, fifteen miles; Flanders brook best; trout and white perch; trout most numerous; bait used, worms and flies; May and June; hotel charges; \$1.50 per day. Beeler lake abounds in white perch of large size. There is a boat in this lake that can be obtained for 50c. per day, and board can be had at Mrs. Beeler's at \$1 per day.

Should the angler go to Flanders brook with the intention of remaining over night, tents and provisions should be taken.

**Annapolis.** Annapolis river and bay, one to five miles; Liverpool head lakes, ten to twelve miles; Milford lakes, twelve miles; all good; sea bass, cod, haddock, herring, salmon, and trout, plentiful in season; baits used—clams, herring, worms, flies, etc.; June and September best for trout; July and August for bass; June and July for salmon; hotels \$1.25 to \$2 per day; guides, \$1 per day; trout-fishing is best in the lakes and streams ten to twelve miles distant, from last of May to last of June; September is best month with the fly. The Annapolis river, near Lawrencetown station, yields

## Fishing Waters

at times fair salmon fishing ; try for them from the last of June to July 15th.

**Round Hill.** Lovett brook, near station ; salmon and trout ; usual lures ; May and June best ; guides at low charge.

**Bridgetown.** " Snells," seventeen miles ; Lake Alma sixteen miles ; Mitchell's brook, nineteen miles ; Elbow, eight miles ; Paradise lake, eight miles ; Birch Hill, six miles ; Long lake, twelve miles ; McGill's Meadow, twenty-two miles ; about equally good ; trout ; usual baits used, differing according to the time of year ; March, May, and June best ; hotels, \$1 to \$1.50 per day ; guides, \$2.50 per day, including horse ; boats free. Other waters from sixteen to twenty-four miles distant afford excellent trout-fishing.

**Paradise.** Annapolis river, near station ; Starratt brook, near station ; Paradise river, half mile ; East Branch, three miles ; Paradise lake, five miles ; Lily lake, five miles ; Eel Weir lake, six miles ; Paradise river and branches best ; salmon, trout, perch, etc. ; trout most numerous ; artificial flies, worms, etc., used for baits ; May is best, but good until September ; hotels reasonable, and board can be had at farmhouses \$3 to \$4 per week ; guides about \$1 per day ; boats and bait moderate.

**Lawrencetown.** Annapolis river, quarter mile ; Liverpool creek, fifteen miles ; both equally good ; salmon and trout most numerous ; flies best for salmon and worms for trout ; May and June best ; hotels at reasonable rates ; guides, boats, etc., at moderate cost.

**Middleton.** Trout lake, eleven miles ; Darlings lake, twelve miles ; Annapolis river, quarter mile ; Nictaux river, three-quarter mile ; Lily lake, three miles ; Nictaux river best ; trout and perch, the first most numerous ; flies usually ; May, June, and July best ; hotels, \$1.50 per day ; guides, \$1 per day ; boats and bait readily procured. The trout in Nictaux river run large and are abundant.

**Wilmot.** Annapolis river and Black river quarter mile ; Walker's brook, three miles ; Nictaux river, four miles ; lakes and rivers on South Mountain, five to fifteen miles ; last mentioned are best ; salmon, trout, and perch ; trout most numerous ; worms generally used as bait ; March and all the summer months best ; Wilmot Hotel, \$1.25 per day ; board can be procured



## The Land of Evangeline

at this place in private houses on reasonable terms. Salmon in the Annapolis river, and fishing fairly good.

**Kingston.** Annapolis river, Walker's brook, Zeak brook and lakes, five miles; first two named best; trout and salmon; trout most numerous; worms and flies usual baits; June, August, and September best; hotels, \$1.25 per day; boats not needed.

**Aylesford.** Annapolis river, half mile; Bay of Fundy, seven miles; Lake George and Aylesford lakes, twelve miles; herring and codfish in the Bay of Fundy and trout in Annapolis river and lakes, of fine size; worms used as bait in the latter; May and June best months; hotels, \$0.75 to \$1 per day.

**Berwick.** Annapolis river, one mile; Cornwallis river, half mile; Aylesford lake, seven miles; South river lake, ten miles; last named best; trout and occasional salmon; worms and flies used for baits; May and June best; hotels, \$1.25 per day.

**Waterville.** Cornwallis river, quarter mile; North river, six miles; last named best; trout and occasional salmon; worms and flies usual baits; March, May, and September best months; hotels, \$1.25 per day; guides and boats not needed.

**Cambridge.** Cornwallis river, near station; trout; worms usual bait; May and June best.

**Coldbrook.** Cornwallis river, quarter mile; trout; worms and flies usual bait, flies best in June and August; May, June, and August best months. Ten miles distant to Hall's harbor; good fishing grounds for codfish, haddock, pollock, salmon, etc.; hotels, boatmen, and boats plentiful and cheap.

**Canning.** Little river, one mile; trout; worms and flies; May, June, and July best; hotels, \$1.50 per day.

**Kingsport.** Minas Basin, deep-water fishing; cod, halibut, haddock, hake; bait, herring; May, June, and July best; boats and bait at reasonable rates; hotels, \$1.25 per day.

**Kentville.** Cornwallis river, quarter mile; Canard river, three miles; Brandywine river, six miles; Trout river, ten miles; Salmon Tail river, twelve miles; North river, twelve miles; West river, fifteen miles; Gaspereaux river, five miles; Gold river, twenty-five miles; Gas pereaux lakes, seven miles; Porcupine lake, fourteen miles; Caldwell lake, fourteen miles. North, Trout,

## Fishing Waters

and Salmon Tail rivers best for trout; Porcupine and Caldwell lakes abound in large trout, and many have been taken weighing over four pounds; these two lakes being somewhat secluded are seldom fished, and consequently afford excellent sport. Good salmon fishing in the Gaspereaux and Gold rivers; flies, minnows and worms usual baits; May, June, and September best months; hotels, \$1.25 to \$2.50 per day; guides and boats can be obtained at moderate rates.

**Port Williams.** Gaspereaux river, three and a half miles; salmon and gaspereaux (alewives) principally; artificial flies in use; last of April, May, and June best; hotels, \$1 per day; guides, \$1 per day.

**Wolfville.** Minas Basin, quarter mile; Davidson lake, seven miles; Black river, five miles; Forks river, ten miles; salmon, trout, and gaspereaux (alewives) are plentiful in Gaspereaux river, and trout abound in Davidson lake, Black and Forks rivers; flies and live bait used; May and June best; hotels, \$1.50 per day and upwards; guides, boats, etc., can be had at low rates. Salmon in Gaspereaux river.

**Grand Pré.** Minas Basin, two miles; Gaspereaux river accessible; gaspereaux (alewives), etc.; gaspereaux most numerous; usual baits; May and June best.

**Horton Landing.** Gaspereaux river, one eighth mile; Avon river, one and a half miles; Minas Basin, three miles; Avon river best; haddock, codfish, gaspereaux (alewives), herring, etc.; gaspereaux and herring most numerous; herring used as bait; May, June, and July best; hotels, \$1 to \$1.50 per day, \$5 to \$10 per week; no regular guides; Mill brook, three miles; trout numerous.

**Avonport.** Avon river and Gaspereaux river, quarter mile; first named best; codfish and herring equally numerous; herring are used as bait; May, July, and August are best; hotels, \$4 per week; guide, \$2 per day; boats and bait, \$2 per day. Low tides most favorable.

**Falmouth.** South branch of river Avon, eight miles, West branch, ten miles; first named best; trout and small salmon; trout most numerous; flies and worms as baits; June best month; boats and bait at small cost.

**Windsor.** Avon river, fishing begins eight or nine miles up stream; Panuke lakes, eight miles; Stillwater lakes and outlets, thirteen miles; small lakes in woods

## The Land of Evangeline

about Stillwater, thirteen to sixteen miles ; Kennetcook, six miles ; Panuke and Stillwater lakes and small lakes about Stillwater best ; tomcods, smelts, gaspereaux (alewives), salmon, trout, perch, and eels ; trout, smelts, gaspereaux, and tomcods most numerous ; worms and artificial flies used mostly for baits ; hotels and boarding-houses, \$1 to \$2 per day, less by the week ; guides at reasonable rates.

**Ellershous.** Smiley's lake, four miles ; Cameron's lake, four miles ; Pine lakes, five miles ; Five Mile Lake, three and a half miles ; Five Mile Lake is the best for fishing, the trout being of fine size and gamey ; all the other lakes are good ; trout ; worms and minnows usual bait ; May best ; boats at Five Mile lake, \$0.50 per day.

**Mount Uniacke.** Uniacke river, two miles ; Soldier lakes, two and a half miles ; Uniacke lake, one mile ; Pentz lake, one mile ; West lake, one and a half miles ; Deep lake, one mile ; Granite lake, two and a half miles ; Clements lake, three miles ; West and Granite lakes best ; trout ; worms and flies used for baits ; May and June best ; hotels, \$1 per day ; guides at \$0.75 per day.

**Halifax.** Cole Harbor, six miles drive ; during months of May and June, good sea trout fishing to be had. Pace's lake, twenty-six miles drive ; fine trout fishing during May and June ; minnow only. Musquodoboit Harbor, twenty-seven miles from Halifax, drive ; here in the months of May, June, and July fine sea trout fishing at mouth of harbor ; several good hotels at reasonable rates ; round the place are several lakes, all abounding in trout ; at the mill dam salmon are frequently taken. Grand lake, twenty-two miles rail ; here are to be found, during whole season, grayling and striped bass in large quantities ; " King's " or " Horn's " best places to stay. Johnson's, thirteen miles drive ; good trout fishing in numerous lakes in the vicinity, especially Robinson's and Hubley's lakes ; both with minnow and fly. Margaret's Bay, twenty-one miles drive ; good hotels ; fair salmon fishing at \$1.50 per day, including guide ; four miles from here is Ingram river, affording very fair salmon fishing ; eleven miles from this is Shatford's lakes, where one may take sea trout up to 4lbs. weight ; good hotel also. Ketch harbor, fourteen miles drive ; good trout fishing in runs and lakes. good hotel ; if camping is desired " Ship Harbor Lakes "

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## Fishing Waters

afford splendid sport both in spring and fall; good guides can be got for \$1 per day; it is more satisfactory as a rule to purchase flies in Halifax at any of the tackle shops, where much useful information may be obtained; generally speaking, guides may be hired from \$1.50 to \$2 a day, including boat; hotels from \$1.25 to \$1.50. Sea fishing in Halifax harbor and North-West Arm is excellent; splendid lobster spearing in North-West Arm and Eastern Passage during the summer evenings; boats can be hired from \$0.75 to \$1, including lines and bait; the fall trout fishing, August and September, is nearly as good as the spring.

## The Land of Evangeline

### APPENDIX B

#### THE GAME LAWS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

##### MOOSE AND CARIBOU.

Close season from January 1st to September 15th. Penalty for hunting in close season \$50 to \$200.

No person shall kill more than two moose. Penalty \$50 to \$200.

Meat must be taken from the woods within ten days from time of killing. Penalty \$50 to \$200.

No person shall have in possession any green hide or fresh meat, whether killed in Nova Scotia or elsewhere, between January 5th and September 15th. Penalty \$25 to \$50.

No person shall set any snare or trap for moose. Possession of a snare is presumptive evidence of intention to break the law. Penalty \$50 to \$100.

No person shall hunt or kill moose with dogs. Penalty \$50 to \$100. All dogs hunting moose may be destroyed by any person.

No person shall before 1st day of October, 1905, hunt or kill American elk, red deer, or caribou. Penalty \$50 to \$100.

##### BIRDS.

Close season for partridge or ruffed grouse, January 1st to October 1st.

Close season for woodcock, snipe, wood duck, blue-winged duck, and teal, March 1st to September 1st, except in Cape Breton, where the close season is from May 1st to September 1st, and in Cumberland county, where the close season for duck is from May 1st to September 1st. No person shall have any such birds in possession in close season, whether killed in Nova Scotia or elsewhere. No person shall kill woodcock between sunset and sunrise. Penalty for shooting or having in possession in close season, or killing after sunset, \$5 to \$20 for each bird.

No person shall at any time or in any manner export or cause to be exported or carried out of this province any of the mammals or birds included within the definition of game or any portion of any such mammals or birds excepting on a special permit from the Provincial Secretary, and then only in the case of live

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## The Game Laws

mammals or birds for the purpose of domestication and of mounted heads or dressed skins, and no one case to exceed one number of each kind, provided herewith that the lawful holder of general license shall be allowed to take with him on leaving the province the head and skin of moose not exceeding two in number shot by himself.

However, the holder of a general or moose license may take away in his possession from the province any moose or caribou lawfully killed by him; any person taking away any moose or caribou who does not upon the demand of a Commissioner or other officer produce his license, or satisfactorily account for the loss thereof, shall be guilty of a violation of this section.

The party taking away any moose or caribou or any part thereof, upon demand of a Commissioner or any officer of the Game Society shall be required to furnish a declaration under the Canada Evidence Act that such moose or caribou was killed by himself personally.

### PHEASANTS, ETC.

It is unlawful to hunt, kill, or have in possession any pheasant, blackcock, capercaillie, ptarmigan, or spruce partridge. Penalty \$5 for each spruce partridge, \$25 for each of the other birds. Unlawful to have in possession, buy or sell eggs, or injure or destroy the nests of any native birds. Penalty \$5 to \$10.

The killing of robins, swallows, sparrows, and other small birds and birds of song which frequent the fields and gardens, and selling and offering for sale and the having in possession such birds when killed, is prohibited and unlawful.

### RABBITS, HARES.

Close season from February 1st to October 15th.

No person shall have them in possession from February 5th to October 15th.

No snares shall be set for rabbits or hares in close season.

Clear space of 100 feet must be left between each hedge and the nearest hedge. All snares or hedges unlawfully set may be destroyed. Penalty for each offence \$5.

### BEAVER.

No person shall hunt, trap, or kill any beaver. Penalty not exceeding \$100.

## The Land of Evangeline

### OTHER FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

Close season for all other fur-bearing animals, except bear, wolf, loup-cervier, wild-cat, skunk, musquash, racoon, and fox, from April 1st to November 1st. Penalty \$5.

### LICENSES.

No person not domiciled in Nova Scotia shall hunt without license.

License fee for birds, hares, and rabbits, \$10; for all game, \$30.

Licenses may be had at Provincial Secretary's office, Halifax, from all clerks of counties and from the agents of the Game Society in various parts of the province.

License fee for officers, army and navy, on this station, \$5. Such officers who are members of Game Society are not required to take any license.

Penalty for hunting without license, \$50 to \$100, in addition to the license fee.

The hunter, guide or companion of any such person hunting without license is liable to same fine as the person himself.

Note.—Whenever a fine is imposed by the Game Laws, the person fined is liable to imprisonment if the fine is not paid; and judgment may be recovered in the county courts for amount of fine and costs, and may be recorded, so as to bind the lands of the defendant.

### FISH.

*Salmon*.—Close season from August 15th to March 1st, except that salmon may be fished for with the fly alone from February 1st to August 15th. From low water nearest 6 o'clock P.M. of every Saturday, to low water nearest 6 A.M. of every Monday, no one shall fish for salmon in non-tidal waters. The use of nets is prohibited in non-tidal waters.

In non-tidal waters frequented by salmon, no one shall fish for any kind of fish between 9 o'clock P.M. of every Saturday and 6 A.M. of the following Monday. Drifting and dipping for salmon is prohibited. Penalty for breach of foregoing provisions, \$20 for each offence.

*Trout, &c.*—Unlawful to fish for or to have in possession any speckled trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), lake trout or land-locked salmon between 1st October and 1st April.

Unlawful to fish for trout by any other means than

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IMALS.

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## The Game Laws

angling with hook and line. Penalty for breach of fore-  
going provisions, \$20 for each offence.

*Explosives.*—The use of explosives to kill any kind of  
fish is prohibited under a penalty of \$20.

*Bass.*—Close season from March 1st to October 1st,  
except that bass may be fished for at all times by angling  
with hook and line. Bass should not be fished for by  
any net having meshes of a less size than 6 inches,  
extension measure, nor by means of seines. Penalty \$20.

*Shad and Gaspereaux.*—Close season for shad and  
gaspereaux shall be from sunset on Friday evening to  
sunrise on Monday morning in each week. Penalty \$20.

By a late amendment to the Game Laws, agents of  
the Society are appointed in various places in the  
province, where non-residents are likely to arrive, for the  
purpose of selling licenses, and of generally carrying out  
the law.

GEO. PIERS,

HALIFAX, April 8th, 1904.

*Secretary Game Society.*

## SPORTSMEN'S GUNS, RODS, ETC.

I am now instructed by the Honourable Minister of  
Customs to authorise you to accept entry and duty on  
the guns, fishing-rods, and other equipment of parties  
visiting Canada for sporting purposes, with the con-  
dition that the duty so paid will be refunded on proof  
of exportation of the same within a period of two months  
from the date of entry.

(Signed) J. JOHNSON,

OTTAWA, July 4th, 1891.

*Commissioner of Customs.*

HALIFAX,

*December 14th, 1894.*

Referring to the above notice, a receipt is given to the  
tourist for the duty paid. On leaving Nova Scotia, or  
by way of New Brunswick, the Customs officer at the  
point where the tourist leaves Canada certifies on the  
original receipt that the guns, rods, or whatever it may  
be, have been returned to the United States; this receipt  
is forwarded to the Collector of Customs at the port at  
which the tourist landed and paid duty. The amount  
will be forwarded to the tourist's address, or paid to an  
agent, if so requested, as soon as received from Ottawa.

W. D. HARRINGTON,

*Collector.*



# The Land of Evangeline

## APPENDIX C

### LIST OF HOTELS

PLACE.	NAME.	PROPRIETOR.	Per Day.	Per Week.
Annapolis	Clifton .....	Jos. McMullen .....	\$1.50	\$7.00 to 10.00
	McLeod House .....	Mrs. J. H. McLeod .....	1.50	7.00
	American .....	V. J. Rogers .....	1.50	6.00 to 8.00
	Queen .....	Riordan Bros. ....	2.00	Agreement
	Hillsdale .....	C. A. Perkins .....	2.00	\$7.00 to 10.00
Aylesford	Commercial .....	Mrs. M. Salter .....	1.25	5.00 to 6.00
	Aylesford .....	Mrs. M. Graves .....	1.00	3.50 to 4.50
	Bear River Hotel .....	F. Jones .....	1.50	6.00 to 8.00
	"Out of the Way" Inn .....	E. R. Thomas .....	1.25	Agreement
	Berwick .....	W. Bailey .....	1.50	"
Berwick	St. James .....	N. R. Neely .....	1.50	\$8.00
Bridgetown	Fairview .....	F. W. Clarke .....	1.50	Agreement
Bridgewater	Waverley House .....	C. E. Church .....	1.50	"
Canning	Queen .....	M. O. Bennett .....	1.25 to 1.50	"
	Canning House .....	Mrs. G. E. Eaton .....	1.25 to 1.50	"
	Lovett House .....	L. C. Manning .....	1.50	"
	Columbia .....	E. M. Robinson .....	1.50	\$7.00
Chester				

## Nova Scotia Hotels

St. James .....	N. R. Nelly .....	1.50	\$8.00
Fairview .....	F. W. Clarke .....	1.50	Agreement
Waverley House .....	C. E. Church .....	1.50	"
Queen .....	M. O. Bennett .....	1.25 to 1.50	"
Canning House .....	Mrs. G. E. Eaton .....	1.25 to 1.50	"
Lovett House .....	L. C. Manning .....	1.50	"
Columbia .....	E. M. Robinson .....	1.50	\$7.00

PLACE.	NAME.	PROPRIETOR.	Per Day.	Per Week.
Clark's Harbor	Sea View .....	J. S. Nickerson .....	\$1.50	Agreement
Digby	Digby House .....	Mrs. J. Wright .....	1.50 to 2.00	\$6.00 to 10.00
	Manhattan .....	W. S. Troop .....	1.25 to 2.00	Agreement
	Trefry .....	J. A. Trefry .....	1.50 to 2.00	"
	Dufferin .....	C. Jordan .....	1.50	"
	New Waverley .....	J. W. Hayden .....	1.50	"
	Burnham's .....	Mrs. Burnham .....	1.50	"
	Lour Lodge .....	Aubrey Brown (Manager) .....	2.00	"
	Myrtle .....	Jas. Harding .....	2.00	\$9.00 to 12.00
	Columbia .....	C. Jordan .....	1.50 to 2.00	9.00 to 12.00
	Queen Terrace .....	C. F. Dunham .....	2.00	8.00 to 12.00
	Wightman House .....	G. W. Wightman .....	1.25	6.00 to 8.00
	Eaton's Hotel .....	F. G. Eaton .....	1.50	Agreement
	The Pines .....	H. B. Churchill .....	2.00 to 3.00	\$10.00 to 20.00
	Harmony Lodge .....	Mrs. Stailing .....	1.25	Agreement
	Clear View .....	Henry Mitchell .....	1.00	"
Grand Pré	Grand Pré .....	W. C. Trenholm .....	1.00	"
	Halifax .....	Hesslein & Son .....	2.50 to 4.00	"
	Queen .....	J. P. Fairbanks .....	2.00 to 2.50	"
	Waverley .....	Miss Romans .....	2.50	\$10.50
	Albion .....	E. Rolston .....	1.50	Agreement
	Lorne .....	J. S. Lomas .....	1.50	"
	Royal .....	J. W. Salterio .....	1.25 to 1.50	\$6.00 to 10.00

# The Land of Evangeline

PLACE.	NAME.	PROPRIETOR.	Per Day.	Per Week.
<b>Halifax</b> ( <i>continued</i> ).....	Acadian .....	D. H. Doody.....	\$1.50 to 2.00	\$7.00 to 10.00
	Carleton.....	F. W. Bowes.....	1.50	6.00 to 10.00
	Revere .....	Mrs. M. McKinnon .....	1.50	Agreement
	Arlington House .....	Mrs. D. McPhee .....	\$1.00 to 1.50	\$5.00 to 7.00
	Provincial .....	Mrs. H. M. Morris .....	1.00	3.50 to 4.00
	Hillside Hall.....	John Barnes .....	1.50	8.00 to 12.00
	Elmwood .....	H. C. Preedy .....	1.50	6.00 to 10.00
	Grand Central .....	Mrs. M. J. Mitchell.....	1.00 to 1.25	4.00 to 6.00
	Adams .....	C. McCullough .....	1.00 to 2.00	Agreement
	Glendale .....	Mrs. Travis .....	1.50	\$5.00 to 6.00
	King Edward .....	Wm. Wilson.....	1.50 to 2.50	8.00 to 12.00
	American .....	F. W. Dalton .....	1.25	6.00
	Hantsport House .....	M. Wall .....	1.25	4.00 to 7.00
<b>Hantsport</b> .....	Evangeline .....	Mrs. Dickson .....	1.00	Agreement
	Aberdeen .....	H. L. Cole .....	2.00	"
	Porter .....	W. H. Townsend .....	2.00	"
	American .....	Jas. McIntosh .....	1.25	"
	Lyons.....	Albert Francy .....	1.25	\$6.00
<b>Kentville</b> .....	The Chestnuts Sanatorium	Miss Webster .....	1.00	Agreement
	Forest Hill.....	J. D. Moore .....	1.00	\$5.00
	Central House .....	J. P. Corkum .....	1.25	6.00
	Valley House .....	Carleton Neilly.....	1.25	5.00
<b>Kingsport</b> .....				
	<b>Kingston</b> .....			

Kentville .....	Aberdeen .....	H. L. Cole .....	2'00	"
	Porter .....	W. H. Townsend .....	2'00	"
	American .....	Jas. McIntosh .....	1'25	"
	Lyons .....	Albert Francy .....	1'00	\$6'00
	The Chestnuts Sanatorium .....	Miss Webster .....	1'00	Agreement
Kingsport .....	Forest Hill .....	J. D. Moore .....	1'00	\$5'00
Kingston .....	Central House .....	J. P. Corkum .....	1'25	6'00
	Valley House .....	Carleton Neilly .....	1'25	5'00

# Nova Scotia Hotels

PLACE.	NAME.	PROPRIETOR.	Per Day.	Per Week.
Little Brook .....	Hotel Lombard .....	Mrs. J. D. Lombard .....	\$1'00	\$5'00
Liverpool .....	Thorndyke .....	Geo. Schultz .....	1'50	6'00
	Acadia .....	Mrs. E. Sellon .....	1'50	6'00
	Elmhurst .....	Mrs. S. F. Freeman .....	Agreement	Agreement
Lockeport .....	Clifton .....	M. Ringer .....	\$1'50	\$6'00
Lunenburg .....	Imperial .....	F. Sutherland .....	1'50	6'00
Mahone Bay .....	King's .....	J. W. King .....	2'00	6'00
	Beale's Hotel .....	J. W. Langille .....	1'00	5'00
	Royal .....	G. A. Mader .....	1'50	7'00
	American House .....	Mrs. B. Scott .....	1'00	5'00
	Zwicker's Hotel .....	C. Zwicker .....	1'00	5'00
Meteghan .....	Bay View .....	W. German .....	1'50	6'00 to 9'00
Meteghan River .....	Royal .....	Mrs. E. Sheehan .....	1'50	6'00 to 9'00
Middleton .....	L'Academie .....	Miss Caroline Doucette .....	1'50	6'00 to 8'00
	Middleton .....	John M. Ross .....	1'50	Agreement
	Hotel Spa .....	D. Muir, jun. .....	1'50	"
	Hatfield House .....	A. J. Hatfield .....	1'00	"
	American House .....	F. L. Shaffner .....	1'50	"
New Germany .....	Morgan House .....	J. H. Miller .....	1'50	\$5'00
Newport .....	McLelland Hotel .....	J. H. McLelland .....	1'00	4'00
Parishboro .....	Newport .....	W. Gibson .....	1'25	7'00
	Broderick's .....	J. W. Broderick .....	1'50 to 2'00	6'00 to 10'00

# The Land of Evangeline

PLACE.	NAME.	PROPRIETOR.	Per Day.	Per Week.
<b>Parrboro</b> <i>(continued)</i> ...	Grand Central .....	C. E. Day .....	\$1.50 to 2.00	Agreement
<b>Port Maitland</b> .....	Hotel Cumberland .....	W. B. Mahoney .....	1.00 to 1.50	\$4.00 to 5.00
<b>Port Williams</b> .....	Ellis House .....	A. E. Ellis .....	1.50	Agreement
<b>St. John</b> .....	Port Williams .....	M. A. Orr .....	1.00	\$5.00
	Royal .....	Raymond & Doherty .....	3.00	Agreement
	Victoria .....	D. W. McCormack .....	2.50 to 3.00	"
	Dufferin .....	E. Le Roi Willis .....	2.50 to 3.00	"
	Atlantic .....	D. B. Frost .....	2.00	"
<b>Shelburne</b> .....	Harbor View House .....	W. Cassaboom .....	Agreement	\$7.00 to 10.00
<b>Smith's Cove</b> .....	Learmont .....	A. H. Learmont .....	\$2.50	Agreement
<b>Truro</b> .....	Stanley House .....	A. S. Murphey .....	2.00	"
	Victoria .....	M. Lee .....	1.50	"
	Granville .....	G. Dupe .....	1.50	"
<b>Waterville</b> .....	McIntosh House .....	Mrs. McIntosh .....	1.00	"
	Wayside Inn .....	Harry E. Sawyer .....	1.50	"
<b>Weymouth</b> .....	Weymouth .....	R. L. Black .....	2.00	"
	Goodwin's .....	J. W. Goodwin .....	1.50	"
<b>Windsor</b> .....	Victoria .....	S. Doran .....	1.50	"
	Dufferin .....	John Cox .....	1.50	"
	Somerset House .....	W. Poole .....	1.00	"
	Fairfield .....	Miss Kilcup .....	1.25	"
<b>Wolfville</b> .....	Acadia Villa .....	Rockwell & Co. ....	2.00 to 2.50	\$7.00
				Agreement

# Nova Scotia Hotels

<b>Windsor</b> .....	Goodwin's .....	J. W. Goodwin .....	1'50	"
	Victoria .....	S. Doran .....	1'50	"
	Dufferin .....	John Cox .....	1'50	"
	Somerset House .....	W. Poole .....	1'00	"
	Fairfield .....	Miss Kilcup .....	1'25	"
<b>Wolfville</b> .....	Acadia Villa .....	Rockwell & Co. ....	2'00 to 2'50	\$7'00 Agreement

PLACE.	N.A.E.	PROPRIETOR.	Per Day.	Per Week.
<b>Wolfville (continued) ..</b>	Acadia Seminary .....	Rockwell & Co. ....	\$2'00 to 2'50	Agreement
	Elmslea Cottage .....	C. D. Blair .....	Agreement	"
	Royal .....	J. D. Beckwith .....	\$2'00	"
	Central Hotel .....	Mrs. McKenzie .....	Agreement	"
	Kent Lodge .....	Mrs. Moore .....	"	"
	Hillside Hall .....	Mrs. E. G. Brown .....	\$2'00	"
	Grand Hotel .....	Grand Hotel Co. ....	\$2'50 to 3'00	"
	Queen .....	E. G. Baker .....	1'50 to 3'00	\$12'00 to 18'00 Agreement
	Globe .....	Mrs. Jones .....	1'00	"
	Central .....	T. Muese .....	1'00	"
	Commercial .....	J. S. Murphey .....	1'50	"
	Oxford Hotel .....	J. Shores .....	1'50 to 2'00	"
<b>Yarmouth</b> .....				









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